

The Critic

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Literature The Origin of "Dexterity"*

THE ACCOMPLISHED PRESIDENT of Toronto University, well known for what the Germans would call his 'many-sided' work in science, literature and art, devotes his latest volume to a careful and comprehensive discussion of the origin and nature of the prevailing distinction between the uses of the two hands, and the consequences which follow this distinction. The results of the inquiry prove to be not only very curious and interesting, but much more important than would generally have been expected.

At the outset of his work, the author quotes a characteristic passage from the journal of Thomas Carlyle, in which that erratic philosopher treats the subject in his usual grandiose and cynical fashion. 'Curious,' he wrote, 'to consider the institution of the right hand among universal mankind: probably the very oldest human institution that exists, indispensable to all human co-operation whatsoever. No human Cosmos possible to be even begun without it. Why that particular hand was chosen is a question not to be settled, not worth asking except as a kind of riddle; probably arose in fighting; most important to protect your heart and its adjacencies, and to carry the shield on that hand.'

Sir Daniel Wilson shows by much and varied evidence, drawn from the shape of prehistoric implements, from the names of the hands in many languages, and from the testimony of travellers and missionaries, that the preferential use of the right hand is a custom as ancient and widespread as Carlyle supposed. But its source was very different from the plausible but unscientific origin which the latter thus suggested. The thorough investigations of modern science have proved that the predominant use of the right hand has no better claim to the title of an 'institution' than has the human custom of walking erect. Both habits proceed from organic causes, and originate in the structure of the human frame.

While this structure has an outward appearance of symmetry, a very slight knowledge of anatomy suffices to show that this appearance is delusive. The deeper our research proceeds, the stronger the distinction is found to be. The right lung is more capacious than the left, having three lobes, while the left has only two. The liver, the heaviest organ of the body, is on the right side, outweighing the heart on the left. Thus the centre of gravity is decidedly on the right side, requiring for this side a larger supply of nerve-force than for the left. As the nerve-force of the right side of the body proceeds from the left hemisphere of the brain, this hemisphere, by natural correlation, becomes the larger, heavier, and more active of the two. The centres of nerve-force for speaking, writing, and other higher exertions of the mental faculty are found to be especially strong in the left hemisphere; and when its powers are disabled by injury, the sluggish and untrained right hemisphere, which actuates the left side of the body, can but feebly and imperfectly supply its place. From the results of this greater supply of nerve-force to the right (*dexter* or *à droit*) side, we get the origin and meaning of such words as 'adroitness' and 'dexterity.'

* The Right Hand: Left-handedness. By Sir Daniel Wilson. \$1.25. Macmillan & Co.

Occasionally, however, the right hemisphere is the larger and more active. The man is then left-handed. How this exceptional state is caused we do not know. This, indeed, is the real riddle, which yet remains to be solved. Yet it is no more mysterious than any of the other variations of structure which continually occur, and on which the Darwinian system of development and progress is built. Why in the same family is one child tall and another short? Why has one a large and long head, and another a small and round head? What, in brief, is the origin of the immense variety of physical and mental traits and endowments in the people around us? This is a question which cannot be answered as yet, whatever the future of science may have in store for us. We can only recognize the differences, and make our social and educational arrangements to correspond with them. Among these educational provisions is one of much importance, which has been hitherto almost universally neglected—the ancient Greeks alone seeming to have had an idea of its value. This provision is the proper education of the two hands, an education which by its reflex influence would stimulate both hemispheres of the brain. Our author's own experience, as a left-handed man, whose right hand has been trained to use the pen, while as an artist (and one of no mean rank, as the charming illustrations of his 'Old Edinburgh' and other works show) he holds the pencil or crowquill in the left, has taught him the great importance of this two-sided training. Many remarkable examples of a like character are given, from the left-handed Leonardo da Vinci, one of the greatest of modern artists and mechanicians, to other hardly less notable instances of our own time.

The conclusion to which we are thus brought is of serious moment. Throughout Christendom the age of militarism and brute force is passing away. The era of industrialism is taking its place. The manifold and incessant work of the inventive brain and the executive hand is rapidly transforming the world. It may reasonably be assumed that the nation which first realizes, and enforces in its schools and workshops, the principle that the whole brain should be stimulated to act, and both hands be specially trained for this work, will be apt to take the lead in the future of civilization.

"Judith Trachtenberg" *

THE CASUAL READER who picks up this book to while away an hour will probably find it terribly gloomy, not to say dull; but as a study of life in Poland fifty years ago, from a Jewish standpoint, it is very interesting. The father of the heroine is an orthodox but not bigoted Jewish merchant in a small town in eastern Galicia, and his children are allowed to go among Christians on friendly terms, against the judgment of his stricter brethren. And indeed, if Christian society in Poland at that time is correctly represented by the disreputable old magistrate Wroblewski and his equally disreputable wife, we cannot but approve their exclusiveness. At the house of this precious couple Trachtenberg's beautiful daughter Judith meets Count Agenor Baranowski, and very soon they are desperately in love with each other. She hopes against hope that he will ask her to marry him; but her father knows better, and when she confesses her love she is promptly locked into her room, from which she is carried off by the Count, with the aid of the obliging Wroblewski. The news of his daughter's flight breaks Trachtenberg's heart, but just before he dies a grim ceremony takes place which is thus described by one of his physicians :

As I entered the room to relieve my colleague, he whispered to me:—'The end is fast approaching. Stay with him, but do not interfere, no matter what occurs.' Shortly after, the elders entered the room, and with them the rabbi, all clad in their praying-garments. They bowed to him, and asked if they had his consent.

* Judith Trachtenberg. By Karl Emil Franzos. Translated by (Mrs.) L. P. and C. T. Lewis. 35cts. Harper & Bros.

He nodded, the door opened, and twelve men belonging to the burial guild came in, wearing white shrouds, carrying a curious burden. It was a large handsome white rose tree in full bloom, the damp earth still clinging to its roots. They took the bush to the bed, and Nathaniel put out his hand and touched its crown. His lips moved. It may have been a blessing, or it may have been a farewell greeting. While this was being done, the others hid their faces in their praying-cloths, and some sobbed aloud. The bush was then taken into the middle of the room, the rabbi stepped forward and spoke a few words, loud and rough; I think it was a curse. He then seized the bush with both hands, broke it, and threw the pieces on the floor before him. One after another the men went up, snatched a blossom and scattered the leaves, until the bush stood bare as well as broken. I went to the foot of the bed. The old man kept his eyes closed, but he knew what was going on. A feeble groan burst from his lips, and the tears coursed down his cheeks. He remained in the same position when the 'soul-lamp' was lighted for her who was henceforth to be considered dead. Nor did he move when they made the cut in his shirt which is emblematical of the rent made in the life of the mourner. At last the bier was brought in; the broken bush was placed on it, with the leaves which had been carefully gathered up; a white pall was spread over all, and then they departed. The elders followed, and I was alone with Nathaniel for about two hours. At the end of that time the rabbi and elders returned and the former said:—'It is finished, and because thou wast a just man all the days of thy life, may the Almighty prolong it! We have done according to thy will—thy daughter's grave is between that of thy wife (may she rest in peace!) and that which thou hast chosen for thyself. And when the Lord shall call her to judgment, and she dies in our own faith, that grave shall be open for her. We swear it to thee.'

We have not space to dwell further on the misfortunes which follow Judith; but this extract will show that the book is not an ordinary one, and people who do not mind unmitigated gloom occasionally will be repaid for reading it. "The translation seems to be very good.

"The Story of Portugal"*

PORUGAL is a brilliant little angle of Europe less known than it ought to be and far more full of light than many a land less exposed to the lash of the Atlantic, the scourge of storm and wind, and the temptation of adventure. It is a bronzed, spray-sprinkled, olive-tinted little kingdom famous for great navigators and enlightened kings, essentially in blood of the Spanish Iberian race yet as distinct in feature and manners as one brother may be from another. The great peninsula performs a mighty curve and sweep out into the Atlantic there; and this geographical fact, assisted by trend of temperament and inborn daring, reacted upon a plastic Romance nature and moulded it into a great love of the sea, a huge Homeric delight in bounding wave and limitless horizon, a viking-like rapture in adventure and exploration. Portugal, no less than Norway and Iceland, sent forth streams of 'jarls' and captains to search the fathomless recesses of Africa and India, to discover and colonize Brazil, to settle in Madagascar and the Spice Islands, to build ancient and quaint cities in the jungle, and to immortalize the East by illustrious deaths. The land projecting like a great jaw into the Atlantic became peopled with sea-loving folk who, like their Biscayan neighbors, sailed far and wide under Prince Henry and Vasco da Gama and then recorded their deeds in epics like the 'Lusiadas' of Camoens, in palace-piles like Cintra, in cloisters like that of Belem, in wines like those of Oporto. All these things were outgrowths of the sturdy Portuguese spirit stimulated by acquaintance with foreign lands and products and quickened to imitation by what it saw. Mr. H. Morse Stephens writes the first connected account in English of these 'gritty' little people and brings them, their literature and their achievements before us, not in a very lively or storylike form indeed, but sympathetically and accurately. Inez da Castro and the mighty 'Doms' of this and that pedigree pass cyclorama-wise before us, and we listen as our intelligent guide tells their story with interest

* The Story of Portugal. By H. Morse Stephens. \$1.50. (Story of the Nations Series.) G. P. Putnam's Sons.

and sympathy if not with enthusiasm, thinking all the while that a little more 'story' and a little less 'hi-story' would have been more instructive and interesting. A picturesque touch is a rare thing, as an original touch on the piano or violin is, and it seems particularly rare in the writers of short histories. We have conscientious *études* but few 'Songs Without Words' that sing themselves. In the quotations from Burton's 'Lusiads' there are some inaccuracies, and we could have wished less of *pronunciamento* and more of social history in the last chapter.

The Miles Correspondence *

THESE VOLUMES contain several hundred letters written and received by Mr. W. A. Miles during the years 1789–1817. Mr. Miles was an Englishman of moderate fortune whose tastes led him inevitably into politics. He was a devoted admirer of Wilkes, a supporter (until the year 1793) of Mr. Pitt, and a frequent contributor to newspapers and periodicals. But he cannot be said to have had either a diplomatic or a political career, for his direct connection with the Government was confined to confidential missions to Liège, to Frankfurt and to Paris—all of them during the years 1787–91. Both before and after his official connection with the Government Mr. Miles appears to have rested under the conviction that it lay in his power to bring about an *entente cordiale* between England and France. It seems to have been his belief that in some inexplicable way he was to be the great mediator between the two nations. Relying upon his own judgment and knowledge of affairs as incomparably superior to the wisdom of Mr. Pitt and the Cabinet, he passed much of his time after his return to England in 1791 in corresponding with the French Ministers and other men of influence in France, and in trying to impress the English Ministry with the justice of his opinions. His earlier position as confidential agent of the English Government in Paris gave his letters, in the eyes of Frenchmen, a weight which they were not entitled to possess, and the French Executive began to think of him as a mediator between them and the British Ministry.

Acting upon this feeling M. Maret, the Envoy of the French Executive, addressed him a letter, before his own arrival in London, which he requested Mr. Miles to lay before the Prime Minister. This was done, and the reply of the Prime Minister, which is quoted below, will indicate the attitude of the Government towards Mr. Miles. 'I am desired by Mr. Pitt,' writes Mr. Long, 'to say to you, in answer to your note accompanying a letter from M. Maret, that he thinks you should not answer M. Maret, and he wishes you to decline making yourself the channel of any verbal or written communication from him upon the subject of French affairs.' It is beyond dispute that Mr. Miles, filled with a sense of his own omniscience, displayed, like most egotistical persons, a certain presumptuous and meddling disposition, and it is no wonder that the Prime Minister requested him, courteously but decisively, to mind his own business. Although up to this year Mr. Miles had supported Mr. Pitt, it is not to be wondered at that from this year of 1793 he held an opinion adverse to the administrative ability of the Minister. His opinion as to this was expressed in 1796, as follows:—

The tide on which Mr. Pitt's fortunes were embarked flowed rapidly and triumphantly. It was, indeed, a most full and glorious sea; and, if he had taken the current as it served, he would have saved his ventures; but, harassed and assailed by faction at home, and little versed in foreign politics, he was compelled to follow as he was led in all matters that related to the latter, while his whole strength, vigor, and attention were necessarily engaged to defend his wise and beneficent measures of domestic policy from the artful attacks of his angry and disappointed opponents. But for the fatal troubles that broke out in France, and shook the repose of nations, Mr. Pitt would have continued the idol of his country and the admiration of the world; but his inexperience, or rather his ig-

* Correspondence of W. A. Miles on the French Revolution: 1789–1817. 2 vols. \$10.50. Longmans, Green & Co.

norance of the Continent and its people, rendered it an easy matter to impose upon his understanding and mislead his judgment.

Whatever may have been the mistakes of Mr. Miles in his estimate of the political situation—and some may think his estimate to have been just,—these letters are of considerable value. They throw strong sidelights upon the long administration of Mr. Pitt; they are full of interesting information; they criticise policies; they characterize men; they present us with the unofficial expression of what in its official form might have lacked frankness. Among the scores of Mr. Miles's correspondents appear the Duke of Leeds, Lord Moira, Le Brun, Lafayette and others, whose letters will amply repay perusal.

"Points of View"*

ODIN'S BIRD is at Miss Reppier's ear whispering to her naughty things about the world and its doings, singing to her strange songs about pleasure being the fundamental theme of art and letters, about the deadly dulness of modern times and their lack of humor, about ethics in novels being a work of supererogation, and the need of preachers sticking to their texts instead of thundering from the pulpit of romance. A faint, delicate, musical voice has this northern raven croaking in the contemporary ear: an ear shaped like that vast structure wrought by the Syracusan tyrant, wherein all the utterances of the Greek captives reverberated in the captor's soul. For several seasons its bright, penetrating, almost plaintive tones of remonstrance and expostulation have been heard in the high gables of *The Atlantic Monthly*, calling like the voice of a muezzin not to prayer but to reform, insisting that works of art like 'Don Quixote' and 'Hudibras' shall be accepted frankly as such, with all their delicious unparsable nonsense, not as vast hidden allegories with echoing labyrinths of earnestness and esoteric meaning. In pity's name, cries this silvery Eumenid, uplifting her silken scourge, let us have a little joy: read not between the lines; do not Ruskinize art, architecture, everything with terrible moral meanings; recall the lost delight of story-telling as Homer knew it, simply for beauty's sake; and scatter to the winds your emblems and symbols and ethical purposes. In proportion as George Eliot becomes ethical she ceases to be George Eliot, the delight of a generation of story-lovers. In proportion as people read into 'Robinson Crusoe' that which Defoe never dreamt of and never intended should be read there, the story ceases to charm and becomes a Cinderella sitting in her ash-heap. According as Ruskin gets into fine frenzies over Tintoret and the golden Italians, and exults over that 'blessed word Mesopotamia' read from all their canvases, in that proportion is real joy in Italian art gone and real understanding of it impossible. Take things simply as they are, for if your eye be single, then is your whole body full of light.

It must be confessed that this new purified Hellenism coming to us from New England is full of grace and suggestion. This was the way the Greeks looked at things: not as Wordsworth and his yellow primroses looked at them; not as Bunyan and his Beulah looked and longed and allegorized; not as emblem-loving saints and impassioned pre-Raphaelites looked and dreamt blessed damozels: but simply as Nature, the *Odyssey*, Theocritus looked and dreamt and loved, in the sweetest, most child-like, most unconscious way, without motive or 'ethics' or purpose of any kind. This anxious age needs a doctrine of this sort: not pies and cakes and poisonous confections, but pure wheaten flour, sunshine that kills typhus and typhoid—air! air! as Heine (that gracious Greek) gasped when almost expiring in the black subterranean mine. Miss Reppier recognizes the exquisite tonic properties of joy, the ethereal medium wherin the spheres sing; her dainty epicureanism has a charm all its own, and the cleverness with which she defends her

'Points of View' and sets crooked things straight makes one desirous to hear often and long from her.

Minor Notices

THE NINTH and final edition of Bartlett's 'Familiar Quotations' is a taller, a bulkier, a handsomer and a more useful volume than the preceding edition—that is to say, than any other volume in its line. It has long been accepted as a reliable book of reference in regard to English quotations especially, but French and classical (Greek and Roman) literatures are well represented. Six pages of Chaucer; about ten of Heywood, whose proverbs are better known than his name; Raleigh's address to his soul, and reflection on the snuff of a candle; four pages of Spenser, and as many of Chapman, with many of the good things of Daniel, Llyly, Peele, Sir Edward Coke and other ancient worthies, show how keenly the compiler feels the importance of what we may style our pre-Shakspearian literature. Of Shakspeare himself there are one hundred and twenty-two pages of familiar quotations; of Bacon eight; Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy' furnishes as many, and so does Butler's 'Hudibras'; of Milton there are thirty-two pages, and of Pope an equal number; Goldsmith has nine, Burns seven, and Wordsworth and Byron each a score; Emerson has half a dozen pages, and Poe half a dozen extracts, less one. Browning leaps from three quotations in the last edition to nine pages in this; Tennyson from eight and a half pages to eleven and a half; and Lowell from three pages to eight. President Cleveland's 'innocuous desuetude' and Bret Harte's 'Heathen Chinee' are remembered, though Dorman B. Eaton's 'Public office is a public trust' is forgotten. Bishop Potter is one of the new comers. The index contains over 10,000 new lines, and fills nearly three hundred pages. (\$3. Little, Brown & Co.)

THE HOUSE OF Macmillan has had an influence on English literature second to few if any existing publishing concerns. Beginning in 1843, Daniel and Alexander Macmillan published, as their first venture, Craig's 'Philosophy of Training,' and since then, their work has been mainly in the solider lines of literature, science and philosophy. The firm was first established in Aldersgate Street, London, but settled in Cambridge in 1845, and returned to London (retaining the Cambridge establishment as a 'branch' office) in 1863, in which year the firm became publishers to the University of Oxford. The New York branch was established in 1869. A 'Bibliographical Catalogue,' just issued by the firm, gives all their publications from 1843 to 1889, arranged by the year, in alphabetical order. The titles are those of first editions. The work will be found valuable to collectors, as it includes many famous books. Among these we may mention the following, taken at random:—Christina Rossetti's 'Goblin Market'; Coventry Patmore's 'Children's Garland'; Maurice's 'Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy'; Lewis Carroll's 'Rhyme' and 'Reason'; Black's 'Shandon Bells'; Kingsley's 'Hereward, the Wake' and Huxley's 'Essays.' (Macmillan & Co.)

THE EIGHTH SERIES of 'Good Things of Life' is as enjoyable as any of its predecessors. The mode of illustration is changed in part, there being many more cuts in 'half tone' than previously, but though a few of these are printed too heavily, all are light and humorous in intention. Those that are properly printed make very pretty pictures, as that in which the sentimental maiden and the experienced widow come to opposite conclusions about the cause of the interest which Jack's wife takes in his comings and goings. Pen and ink hold their own, however, against brush and camera, as in the interchange of sentiments between Bishop Gullem and Miss Penelope Peachblow. The text is hardly as bright as the pictures; but when the country couple who imagine that the schoolmistress is mother of her flock, and a variety of more or less fatuous Englishmen and smart and impertinent young women do all the talking, that is hardly to be expected. The old lady who fears to pray lest her prayers be answered without discrimination is one of the wittiest of the 'persons represented.' (\$2. F. A. Stokes Co.)

—'STONES FOR BUILDING and Decoration,' by George P. Merrill, Curator of Geology in the United States National Museum, gives the results of the author's experience in preparing the extensive geological and mineralogical collections there and in the American Museum of New York, together with his studies of the practical working of many quarries in various parts of the country. There are chapters on the geographical distribution of building stones in the United States; on their mineral constituents, their physical and chemical properties; on the quarries and quarry regions of the various States and Territories. The principal building stones have each one or more chapters devoted to them, and there are practical notes on the methods of quarrying and stone dressing,

* Points of View. By Agnes Reppier. \$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

on machinery, weathering, testing, protection and preservation. The book is well illustrated with many full-page plates and vignettes, and will doubtless prove the standard work on its subject. (\$5. John Wiley & Sons.)

'A SCORE OF FAMOUS COMPOSERS,' by Nathan Haskell Dole, is one of those books which have no special value for any save those who are wholly uninformed. As an elementary text-book in biography for those who are beginning their acquaintance with the lives of great composers it will be useful. The selection of musicians to be celebrated by the author is judicious, the introduction of a biography of Glinka, the father of Russian music, being particularly commendable. Donizetti and Bellini, who used to figure in all collections of musical biography, are wisely omitted to make room for the Russian and Wagner. Mr. Dole's sketch of Palestrina deserves especial praise for its veracity. It is based on the results of the most recent investigations and does not repeat any of the mythical legends so long attached to this composer's history. The author's suggestion that Palestrina's *Marcelline* mass was a revelation to its hearers, not in style so much as in musical feeling, is good. Those who read the conventional accounts of the production of this mass and then hear it sung are always sadly puzzled, for they find it impossible to agree with those critics who are always proclaiming its marvellous simplicity. Mr. Dole has fallen into the old familiar error of ranking Handel with Bach. It is an English fashion to bracket these two masters as equals. The truth is that while Handel was great in one department of music, the oratorio, Bach was greater than he in this and was matchless in all other branches of the divine art. (\$1.50. T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

'FAMOUS ENGLISH Statesmen,' by Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, contains sketches of Peel, Palmerston, Shaftesbury, Bright, Forster, Beaconsfield, Fawcett and Gladstone. The author has succeeded in making a very readable and interesting book. Without entering too much into detail she gives the reader a fairly good idea of the lives and careers of the most famous men in recent English history. Of several of them full and numerous biographies have been written, and are familiar to many people, but Shaftesbury, Forster and Fawcett are perhaps less well-known to Americans. The life of the last-mentioned is especially attractive and shows what perseverance and pluck can accomplish even in the face of the most discouraging circumstances. The book is well worth reading, and should be put into the hands of all who wish to inform themselves briefly in regard to the men whose lives are portrayed. (\$1.50. T. Y. Crowell & Co.) — CONSIDERABLE ATTENTION seems lately to have been given to the subject of the Ordinance of 1787. The best and greatest statement of the history of this famous enactment is, we think, to be found in the monograph on 'The Evolution of the Ordinance of 1787' written by Mr. J. A. Barrett and issued by the University of Nebraska. It is encouraging to find the Western Universities busying themselves with such investigations, and although there is nothing in this paper which is absolutely new, yet its arrangement is valuable and will make it a great convenience to all who have much to do with American history either as instructors or students. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

WE HAVE RECEIVED a copy of the report of the 'Proceedings of the Opening of the Library of the University of Pennsylvania' on Feb. 7. There were present the Provost, Mr. C. C. Harrison (Chairman of the Finance Committee), Bishop Whitaker, Mr. Talcott Williams, Mr. Keen (Librarian), and Dr. Horace Howard Furness (Chairman of the Library Committee). In a witty speech Dr. Furness referred to the aid received in planning, building and filling the Library from Mr. Justin Winsor, Librarian of Harvard, Mr. Melvil Dewey of the New York State Library, Mr. Henry C. Carey, Prof. Jackson, Prof. McElroy, and others. Mr. Talcott Williams made fitting acknowledgment, on the part of the University, of the work of the two committees, and the proceedings terminated with a prayer by Bishop Whitaker. The Library consists of a great oblong hall or reading-room, with a semi-circular end divided into alcoves. At the other end is the delivery desk, and, behind it, the 'book-stack,' which is absolutely fireproof, and is capable of indefinite extension. At present it will hold about 500,000 books. There are accommodations for a card catalogue on the Dewey plan, embracing one million entries. The style of the building is a modified Romanesque. Architect, Mr. Frank Furness. (University of Pennsylvania.) — MR. WILLIAM POTTS's pamphlet on 'Form and Color in Nature,' one of a series on Evolution in Science and Art, adds nothing to the work of Lubbock, Grant Allen, Wallace and others who have treated of the origin of color-markings in flowers and in insects and other animals; nor does it offer an orderly arrangement of the material which they

have provided. As for the evolution of form—a subject which would require volumes—the author barely refers to it at the end of his essay, which may have interested a mixed audience when delivered as a lecture, but which contains nothing to justify its appearance in print. It is otherwise with Dr. L. A. W. Alleman's paper on 'Optics as Related to Evolution,' in the same series. This is a clearly written review of the progress of optical science, from Newton down, followed by an attempt to explain the evolution of the eye from the 'eye-spot' capable merely of distinguishing light from darkness. An appendix containing some remarks of Dr. George M. Gould, in which he explains and defends his theory of the development of the color-sense in man, is perhaps of more importance than the body of the pamphlet. (10 cts. each. Appleton & Co.)

IN THE Johns Hopkins University Studies appears an interesting and valuable monograph by Dr. Andrew Stephenson of Wesleyan University—a discussion of the 'Public Lands and Agrarian Laws of the Roman Republic, from the time of the passage of the Lex Cassia to the accession of Augustus to supreme power. Considerable space is given to the Licinian Rogations; and the agrarian movements (B.C. 367-133) are carefully described, the less known laws being made as clear as possible. The notes and references are full and the monograph is one of much value. (50 cts. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.) — THE EARLIER volumes of the series of studies of noted Frenchwomen by Imbert de St. Amand have been noticed, and it only remains to say of 'Marie Antoinette at the Tuilleries' that this last number does not yield in interest to any which have preceded it. The life of the royal family in 1789-91 is graphically described, the flight to Varennes forming the most dramatic event of that period. The author, as usual, has quoted abundantly from contemporary diaries and documents, and the whole story is told with vivacity and sympathy. (\$1.25. Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

THE YOUNG PATRIOT SERIES contains bright, short stories, suitable for children's reading, very neatly printed on good paper, and bound in a strong, white paper cover with a design, in brown ink, of children hauling up the stars and stripes. The stories are 'Midshipman Davy,' by Willis J. Abbott; 'Zay,' by Ruth Hay; and 'Afloat and Ashore,' by Edward Everett Hale. Our Dumb Friends, printed in similar style, include 'Pete, and Other Stories,' by Helen Ekin Starrett and William A. Starrett; 'Anton and Antoine,' a story of life among the ants, by Rosalie Kaufman; 'Sly, and His Neighbors,' by Frances Power Cobbe, Sly being a dog who fully deserves his bad name and yet comes to no harm by it; and 'Old Grip, the Crow' (whose adventures are too funny not to be true), by Olive Thorne Miller. There are, besides, a Day-Spring series and a series of Rhymed Dramas, which begins most promisingly with Mother Goose, arranged as a lyrical interlude by Abby Morton Diaz. The publishers of these various series are young women. (40 and 50 cts. each. Chicago: Searle & Gorton.)

THE MIDNIGHT SKY: Familiar Notes on the Stars and Planets, by Edward Dunkin, F.R.S., F.R.S.A.,—one of the publications of the Religious Tract Society—is a revised edition of a work first published many years ago, and then much enjoyed by all those who, not being quite astronomers, still felt an intelligent interest in the science, and wished to know the stars. It was of the old edition of this book that Carlyle wrote:—'It is worthy to be called the midnight sky, and is actually a guide to the habitation of the stars. I find in it all the qualities of excellence as a book: lucid, perspicuous at a glance, concise, correct; completely fulfilling its purpose. * * * Innumerable persons will get a fine and human kind of knowledge, with corresponding benefit from this book, and nobody gets error or harm.' All which is true, and more yet, of the new edition. The first half of the volume consists of chapters, one for each month, describing, with an illustrative map, the 'midnight sky' as seen from London; followed by four other similar chapters upon the starry heavens of the Southern hemisphere. Then we have chapters upon the observatories of the world,—full in its account of the Greenwich Observatory, and the principal observatories of Great Britain and its dependencies, but rather meagre in regard to others. After this come notes on the solar system, a chapter on the constellations, general notes on the fixed stars, and a brief chapter on meteors or shooting stars. As would be expected from the reputation of the venerable author, there are few if any errors in the work; the only criticism to be made is negative—namely, that, while many of the newer astronomical results are mentioned, yet the 'new astronomy' is hardly given its just proportion. Many things one would expect to find are absent, and there is a kind of flavor of antiquity about the whole. It may be added, too, that the book is very British, and in its description of observatories and its

record of discoveries hardly assigns due prominence to other nations. The volume is beautifully printed and tastefully made up, well worthy of a place on a gentleman's book-shelves. (\$3.20. Fleming H. Revell Co.)

THE 'MULTUM IN PARVO Atlas of the World' gives a great many clearly printed and colored maps and a vast deal of information in a size convenient for the pocket. In ninety-six plates almost every country of any prominence in the world and all the principal cities are shown, and there are rather more than a dozen maps dealing with physical geography. Nothing handier can be imagined.—THE 'THUMB English Dictionary' is smaller yet in size and is perhaps calculated to be of use to a larger number of people. It contains most of those new words, scientific, philosophical and technical, which are likely to puzzle the general reader, along with a wise selection of words in more common use. (50 cts.)—THE LATHBURY CALENDAR is composed of twelve-inches-wide and six-inches-long water-color designs enclosing tables of the months. They are held together by plated rings and chains. The 'Surprise' calendar, by J. P. Sunter, is about twice as wide, and is tied with pink ribbon. 'Little Fairies' calendar is a row of children hand in hand; the 'Little Musicians' play fiddle, banjo and tambourine; 'Little Japs' carry fans and umbrellas; and 'Four Little Darkies,' cut and folded to make a desk-screen, wish the purchaser many happy returns of his birthday. These are from graceful designs by Maud Humphrey. (50 cts. Fred. A. Stokes Co.)

THE CATALOGUE of English Prose Fiction in the San Francisco Public Library is a stout octavo of 306 pages—not a mere list of a few thousand novels, but by means of many carefully prepared reference notes, a key to the art, biography, science, travels, and other departments of the Library. The aim of the compilers, as intimated in the preface, is to lead the persistent story-reader into more profitable fields of literature. Hence very many titles are found here, not usually included in fiction-lists. Under each prominent novelist are given not only his or her works but also biographical and critical material in great abundance. The various countries are annotated with similar fulness. Ten pages are devoted to books on literature, while the title of the catalogue is still further expanded to include a goodly amount of poetry, from Homer's 'Iliad' to 'Sheridan's Ride.' The volume is of great value to all readers.—CAPT. CHARLES COCHRANE, whose 'memorial' Mr. Mellen Chamberlain has thought worth reprinting, was a British officer in the Revolutionary War. The document, written by himself, and supplemented with notes and comments by the editor, makes a pamphlet of a dozen pages. In it the Captain recounts his faithful services to the Crown and upon them bases a claim to long-delayed promotion. He was the first to introduce mounted infantry into the army, and has much to say of its efficiency. The pamphlet contains nothing remarkable, and its historical value is trifling. While the deeds of so many of our patriots of '76 are still unrecorded, American scholars might employ their superfluous energies to better purpose than upon such insignificant 'finds' as this. (Privately printed.)

'THE NATURAL HISTORY OF MAN' is a series of lectures originally delivered by Alexander Kinmont some fifty years ago, and now issued in a second edition. The author was a Scotchman by birth and education, but spent the greater part of his life in the United States. In religion he adopted the views of Swedenborg; yet there is very little Swedenborgianism in these lectures, though they are strongly religious in tone. They are somewhat desultory in character, and the title of the book hardly conveys an accurate idea of them: They treat such topics as the origin of language, ancient religion and modern science, the predominance of the religious sentiment in early ages, the different races of men, the character of the ancient Germans, etc.—without any definite plan or aim, so far as we can see, yet not without interest. The author's scientific views would have been somewhat different if he had lived in our time, and he held certain notions about history which seem to be peculiar to himself and unsupported by evidence; yet his book contains much that appeals to the intelligent reader, especially if he is of a religious temperament. The style is good, and the book is better worth publishing even now than many that appear from the press. (\$1. J. B. Lippincott Co.)—'CHARLES BRADLAUGH,' by Annie Besant, is a brief sketch of the leading events of Bradlaugh's life with a friendly estimate of his character. Mrs. Besant can hardly find words to express her admiration of him; but we doubt if many of her readers will agree with her. Bradlaugh's courage is undoubted, and he did useful service in helping to secure absolute freedom of speech and of the press; but many of the opinions of which he made himself the champion are repug-

nant to the common sense and to the moral sense of mankind, and we incline to think that the world has had enough of such men. (10 cts. San Francisco : The Readers' Library.)

Poetry and Verse

A HANDSOME BOOK, both inside and out, is 'A Treasury of Favorite Poems,' edited by Mr. Walter Learned, and illustrated with one hundred vignettes and full-page drawings by Mr. Joseph M. Gleeson. The editor has been successful in his attempt, which was 'to include those poems which the majority of intelligent people would care for most, which touch some popular chord, which are most likely to be cut out for the scrap-book.' Evidently Mr. Learned's scrap-book is one of the best, for this collection shows most excellent taste and judgment. The few poems of to-day which he has included are well worth the distinction of such company. Mr. Gleeson's pictures are sometimes rather poor pieces of drawing, but as a rule they do very well and contribute something to the enjoyment of such a book. We imagine that the publishers will find this Treasury a good one to draw upon during the Holidays. It makes an attractive gift book. (\$1.50. Frederick A. Stokes Co.)—A BOOK to delight children is 'Wordsworth for the Young,' being selections from the poet's writings made by Mrs. Cynthia Morgan St. John, with special reference to their adaptiveness to the minds of little folk. The compiler furnishes an Introduction addressed to parents and teachers, and the numerous pictures which illustrate the text are her own selection and arranging. The volume is divided into three sections: the first being For Young Children; the second, For Older Children; and the third, Nature for Older Children. The poems are chosen with admirable judgment, and the book is one of distinct value in the field for which it is meant. It is just the kind of book to make children love Santa Claus; dainty and attractive, and full of lofty thought and wisdom expressed in simple language and music. (\$1.25. D. Lothrop Co.)

THE NUMBER of readers of poetry who admire the 'Poems' of the late Sidney Lanier is steadily increasing, and Lanier's place among our foremost American poets is now assured and likely to be permanent. A wonderful gift for music which led him into a new field of versification, a fine imagination strengthened by loftiness of thought and seriousness of purpose, and a close intimacy with Nature in her several moods, these all are shown in his poetry and give to it certain qualities which make it rank with the best. His notions regarding the science of verse are well exemplified in 'The Marshes of Glynn' and 'Corn'; but more satisfactory than these are the strong ballad 'The Revenge of Hamish,' the song of the hound from 'The Jacquerie,' 'The Stirrup Cup,' 'My Springs,' the two fine sonnets 'The Mocking Bird' and 'The Harlequin of Dreams,' and best of all 'A Ballad of Trees and the Master.' This new edition of his poems is edited by his wife; and has, besides an excellent portrait, a brief and appreciative biographical sketch written by Dr. William Hayes Ward. (\$2. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

THAT CHARMING little volume of poems, prettily entitled 'Old-Fashioned Roses,' which introduced Mr. James Whitcomb Riley to his English cousins a year or two ago, is now in its second edition, and by a fortunate arrangement with his American publishers may now be bought in this country. The poems in this collection are taken from Mr. Riley's earlier books and are representative of his best work in both dialect and straightforward, simple English verse. Mr. Riley is one of the most genuine of our song-makers, and has the faculty of reaching the human heart on all occasions. This tiny volume is as poetically fragrant as its title implies. (\$1.75. Longmans, Green & Co.)—IT WAS a happy thought which led the publishers to bring out in a cheap and attractive form Matthew Arnold's collection of Wordsworth's 'Poems.' The book is paper bound and contains four hundred 32mo pages, and is therefore of a very convenient size. As most of our readers know, this is the most desirable edition of Wordsworth, both for the poems and for the valuable essay by Arnold which serves as a preface. All of Wordsworth that one especially cares for is here. (50 cts. Harper & Bros.)—A STILL happier thought is that of a pamphlet edition of the 'Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám,' by Fitzgerald, published at 20 cts. An unchanged and unabridged edition of the 'Rubáiyát' which should be well printed and cheap has long been needed, and we hope the publishers of this one will be rewarded by the excellent sale which it deserves. The text is that of the Fitzgerald fourth edition, and includes the biographical sketch of Omar and the notes of that edition. (20 cts. San Francisco : The Reader's Library.)

MR. DOUGLAS SLADEN's four volumes of verse, 'The Spanish Armada' (25 cts.), 'A Poetry of Exiles' (50 cts.), 'Australian

Lyrics (50 cts.), and 'Edward the Black Prince' (\$1), have recently been republished in this country. The author has a pleasant lyrical touch and writes smoothly. His epic-drama contains some fine passages, and is an excellent piece of work. (Cassell Pub. Co.)—'THE HUMAN EPIC,' by John Frederick Rowbotham, has been extended to five cantos. We have already noticed Canto I. The epic is now presumably complete, and contains plenty of scientific stanzas which are weary reading. The author in his dedication alludes to his work as a 'gift of stately song.' (London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)—'WILDWOOD CHIMES' is by Emma Withers, of whom a portrait is furnished as a frontispiece. The author is evidently fond of Nature and writes of her in verses which are pleasant to read. The book is neatly printed. (\$1.25. Robert Clarke & Co.)

WHAT SEEMS to be the best one of 'Poems: Grave and Gay,' by Albert E. S. Smythe, is this 'One':—

Of all the flowers at my feet
A single blossom was sweet.
Of all the birds in the tree
One alone sang for me.
Of all the starry array
One shone over my way.
But the blossom has ceased to wave;
The bird has caroled his stave;
The starlight shines on a grave.

There are plenty of other verses in the book which show that Mr. Smythe is familiar with the various forms of metre and has a good ear for rhythm. (\$1. Toronto: Imrie & Graham.)—A PAMPHLET of 'Verses,' by Helen T. Clark, contains a number of poems that have appeared in several periodicals. They are generally serious and well-written. 'A Vigil' is the most striking piece in the collection. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)—'THE VISION OF MISERY HILL' is a legend of the Sierra Nevada, by Miles L'Anson. The author's verse is a trifle rough, but nevertheless is full of incident and interest. The text is embellished with illustrations drawn by Harry Fenn and others. (\$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—'RAINY DAYS, and Other Poems' is a pamphlet of poor verse by Dr. E. L. Macomb Bristol, who styles himself 'The Flower Poet.' The other poems may be well enough, but we prefer the rainy days when we can sleep. (M. J. Roth.)—'THE DEVIL'S VISIT' is said to be a poem for the times. It is an amusingly bad lot of stuff. (\$1. Excelsior Publishing Co.)

'TWO WORLDS, and Other Poems,' by Richard Watson Gilder, contains about fifty poems written since the appearance of the author's last previous volume, 'The Celestial Passion,' in 1887. A half-dozen or so have been published in *The Century* ('Sheridan,' 'Sherman,' 'Pro Patria,' etc.), and about as many elsewhere, including 'Non Sine Dolore' in *The Atlantic*, to which a new passage has been added. The Phi Beta Kappa 'Ode' of 1890 reappears in a revised version. The other poems are entirely new, many of them having been written during the past summer. The text is embellished with ornamental designs by H. de K., and the cover is from designs by Mrs. Henry Whitman. There are two editions—one in cloth, the other in vellum. (75cts. and \$1.50. The Century Co.)—'SUNSHINE IN LIFE' is a collection of poems, intended especially for use at meetings of 'The King's Daughters,' yet equally suitable for individual perusal. The editor, Florence P. Lee, has shown remarkably good taste in her selections, and has brought together more desirable verses than are usually found in a volume of this size. It is, therefore, a welcome addition to the host of anthologies already on every book-shelf, and has only to be known to become popular. A single slip may be noted—that of attributing to George D. Prentiss Miss Gould's 'Name in the Sand.' (\$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

SCOTT'S 'Lady of the Lake,' edited by Mr. G. H. Stuart, of an East Indian college, is a recent issue in the English Classics Series. The introduction and notes are excellent in the main, but the text is disfigured by the corruptions that disgraced every edition of the poem for half a century before the publication of Dr. Rolfe's critical edition in 1882. For instance, in the description of the banks of Loch Katrine in the first canto, Scott wrote:—

The primrose pale and violet flower
Found in each clift a narrow bower—

and it is so printed in the first edition; but in *every* other down to 1882, as in this of Mr. Stuart's, *clift* is corrupted into *cliff*. In the second canto, every edition later than 1882 made Roderick declare, in the wooing scene of canto second, 'I meant not all my heart might say,' which is absolute nonsense, until Dr. Rolfe restored the original *heat* for *heart*. Mr. Stuart, by the by, attempts to explain this perverted passage thus:—"What I say is merely the outpouring of my heart, the expression of my emotions, and is not

to be taken quite seriously"; but neither Scott nor any other good English writer would have used the word *heart* in that connection. As soon as we learn what word he did use, we see how bad the blundering substitute is. These are but two specimens out of scores that might be given of the mischief that careless editing—and Lockhart's was the most careless of all—and inaccurate printing have done the text of this famous poem. It is amazing that a work of our own day should have suffered in this manner, and that the injury should have been so long undetected by critics. (40 cts. Macmillan & Co.)

Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The Stratford Church.—After reading Mr. Winter's remarks in *The Critic* of Oct. 3 on the restoration of Holy Trinity Church, at Stratford, I ask myself, with Benedick, 'Can I be so converted, and see with these eyes?' and I have to reply, as emphatically as he does, 'I think not.' Prejudice may transform me to an oyster, but, till that metamorphosis takes place, it shall not make me such a-critic. I spent several days at Stratford this summer, and visited the church more than once. I must confess that I entered it at first with some anxiety. So much fault has been found by certain people with the work done recently that I feared there might be some ground for it. I was quite sure that I should not approve putting the organ above the arch at the east end of the nave; but I was relieved the moment I took a rapid survey of the interior of the grand old building. I had forgotten that the arch just mentioned was only about half the height from floor to roof, leaving ample space above it for the organ, which, with its admirably designed case of oak, in perfect keeping with the architecture of the church, covers and adorns the blank wall without seeming to be placed too high. This is the only important change in the nave, and in my humble opinion it is a marked improvement. It will look better when the oak becomes darkened with age like the rest of the woodwork in the church.

All the other changes made and to be made are restorations rather than 'alterations.' The edifice, as most of my readers are doubtless aware, is cruciform, the transepts being longer than in many of the English parish churches; but for many years—I do not know how many—the south transept had been walled off as a vestry, while the entrance to the north transept was blocked up by the organ, then enclosed in a commonplace case. The space under the tower, between these ugly obstructions, was a mere narrow passage-way leading from the nave to the chancel. The church was thus, as it were, cut in two, its unity and symmetry being utterly disguised. The transepts are now thrown open, as they were when first built, and the insignificant passage from nave to chancel broadens out into its proper proportions as an important division of the church.

Passing into the chancel one sees that the work is not yet finished. The removal of the altar from the east end, as I understand, is only temporary. When the repairs are completed it is to be put in its former position. The woodwork to be placed above the stalls, if not a restoration, is in keeping with the style of architecture. I believe that every unprejudiced person will approve of it when it is finished. The removal of the stone screens that filled up the lower half of the two windows on the north side was simply a restoration, and a very desirable one. The windows were originally of the same length as the two opposite them on the south wall; but, at some unknown period in the past, the lower half of them was walled up to serve as a background for mural tablets. The one nearest to Shakespeare's monument is now filled with the memorial glass inserted in honor of Halliwell-Phillipps.

Mr. Winter says of the chancel that 'the pervading air now is that of the new broom and "all the modern improvements".' On the contrary, here as in the transepts we see the clearing away of what were doubtless supposed to be 'modern improvements' when they were introduced, but were really vile corruptions and excrescences defacing and degrading the purity and beauty of the medieval Gothic. 'The resultant effect' to my eye is that the church looks older rather than newer, more as it looked in the time of Shakespeare than it did five years ago. With the exception of the new organ-case, which time will soon tone down to the color of the ancient oak below, and the unfinished work on the choir stalls, I could see nothing in any part of the edifice which would suggest to one visiting it for the first time that any repairs or alterations had been made in the last half-century.

It may be added that the change in the position of mural and other monuments, so far from being a novelty in old English churches, is extremely common. It is often required, as here, in the course of genuine restoration; or, in the case of large monuments on the floor, when necessary for the accommodation of worshippers. I re-

member reading some comments to this effect in an English journal a month or more ago, in connection with the repairs now being made upon one of the old London churches.

I made no inquiries at Stratford concerning the alleged 'vandalism' in the churchyard, which has evidently been cleaned up and put in better order than when I last saw it. In this work it is possible that some old gravestones were displaced which should have been left where they were. The vicar was in Switzerland when I was at Stratford, or I should have called upon him in order to get his version of the matter.

I regret to say that the old lady referred to in *The Critic* of Aug. 1 as haunting the chancel of the church and begging for contributions to the restoration fund, still infests the place. A mild snub suffices to repel her, but if it were better if she were ejected from the church or at least prohibited from attacking the visitor on the more sacred side of the chancel arch.

*The Soliloquy in 'Hamlet,' iii. 1.—Prof. W. W. Skeat sends the following note to *The Athenaeum* of Aug. 8, 1891:*

'Every one knows the famous speech—"To be or not to be?" but I have nowhere seen the original of this pointed out. Yet it was unquestionably suggested by a passage in the "Romance of the Rose," which in Shakespeare's time was included in a volume with which he was well acquainted, viz., a black-letter edition of Chaucer's works. He may have used the edition of 1561 or of 1598. It is not a little remarkable that, as Mr. Aldis Wright has shown, he might have found, and probably did find, from a perusal of the same book, that Chaucer uses *boydekin* (*i.e.*, bodkin) in the sense of a dagger. The passage is quite a long one and should be studied as a whole—from line 5637 to line 5696. We shall then observe that the line "That patient merit of the unworthy takes" is represented by lines 5677–8 (called 5680–1 in Morris's edition), *viz.*—

The which doth him lasse offence
For [because] he suffreth in pacience.

Again, "the undiscovered country" is from ll. 5657–9 (5660–2 in Morris):—

He is a fool, withouten were,
That troweth have his countie here;
In erthe is not our countre.

In this case, be it observed, even Jean de Meun is not original; for he copied this from Boethius, as he himself tells us.

'When we have realized these resemblances, we may next observe the far more remarkable lines, *viz.*, 5683–5 (5686–8 in Morris):—

Than goeth he *fardels for to bere*
With as good chere as he dide ere;
To swinke and travile he not feinteth.

'I would further suggest a study of lines 5637, etc. (5640 in Morris):—

Or if him lust not for to spare,
But suffrith forth, as naught ne were,
At laste it hapneth, as it may,
Right unto his laste day,
And takith the world as it wolde be;
For ever in herte thinketh he,
The soner that deeth [may] him slo,
To Paradys the soner go
He shal, ther for to live in blisse,
Wher that he shal no good misse.
Thider he hopeth God shal him sende
After his wretched bynes ende.

'Surely it is extremely interesting to see how the great master has taken up these thoughts, and recast them in a manner so entirely his own.'

That Shakespeare was 'unquestionably' indebted to Chaucer I seriously doubt. The coincidence is probably accidental, notwithstanding the 'fardels for to bere.' *Fardel* was a familiar word, and the poet uses it six times in the 'Winter's Tale.'

An 'As You Like It' Restaurant.—A Boston friend, to whom we have been indebted for sundry notes before this, writes:

A restaurant called 'As You Like It Café' was opened a few months ago on Dartmouth Street, where, as the menu cards put it, they gave 'food served as you like it.' I suggested to the proprietor that, if he for his cards a quotation from 'As You Like It,' he might take 'I will your very faithful feeder be' [ii. 4. 99]. The café, however, was closed a few days afterwards. This apropos of your *Critic* mention of Mrs. Hungerford's article in *Harper's Basar* for June 13.

Erratum.—In *The Critic* for Sept. 5, referring to Tom Quiney's house known as 'The Cage,' I am made to say that 'it is true that

he is first heard of as a vintner.' What I wrote was that 'it is here that he is first heard of,' etc. As I was in Europe at the time I saw no proof of the article.

You are My Pan

You are my Pan. I stood within the tide
Of life like some poor bent and silent reed.
I felt the waters pass, nor did I heed
Their flow. The sap of hope within was dried;
And how the breath of Fate from side to side
Did sway me, cared I not. All change was keyed
To one dull tone. The stream of life did lead
A tuneless way. It seemed all song had died.
And then you came: You wrought within my heart
A magic; all the chords of joy began
To sound a wild sweet strain,—so soft at start
Of it, I knew not if it were a part
Of some fair dream; but swelling soon it ran
A very flood of song! You are my Pan.

BESSIE HENDRICKS.

Boston Letter

BEFORE the present season is gone, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. expect to add two new volumes to their American Commonwealths Series—one on New Jersey, by Austin Scott, President of Rutgers College, and one on Vermont, by Roland E. Robinson. In the history of the latter State, the first added to the Union formed by the original Thirteen, we of New England will have a special interest, and from what is known of the past work of Mr. Robinson a thorough and interesting book may be expected.

Will all the readers of the volume appreciate, however, the difficulties under which it was prepared? I fear the author, in his modesty, will not narrate the story of his labors. Not expecting to be called upon for such a work, he undertook the task, I am told by those who know, with reluctance, and had barely started upon the writing when his eye-sight began to fail. But for his good wife's efficient aid, which, great at first, became more and more valuable as his vision grew dimmer, he would have been unable to complete the task laid out. For the past year he has not been able to read at all and can see to write only with difficulty.

But in those curious little cells of the brain, where so much is stored of use at one time or another, Mr. Robinson, in his day, had collected much information regarding his State that now comes without the necessity of reference elsewhere. He is a true son of the Green Mountain State. There his grandfather settled not long after the admission of Vermont to the Union, coming from Newport, R. I., to the thinly-settled town of Vergennes. A few years later he removed to that farm in Ferrisburgh, where now his grandson resides. Those readers who have run across the accounts of Newport life in Revolutionary times will remember the frequent mention of the 'Robinson sisters'; they were the grand-aunts of the Vermont author. His father, Rowland T. Robinson, was one of the old Abolitionists and a personal friend of W. L. Garrison, N. P. Rogers, and Oliver Johnson; while his mother, a New York lady, was a granddaughter of that Col. Gilpin of Virginia who served on Gen. Washington's staff and acted as one of the pall-bearers at Washington's funeral. With such an ancestry Mr. Robinson might well claim to be an 'American from crown to sole.' It is rather interesting to know that his parents, grandparents and paternal great-grandparents were all members of the Society of Friends.

In the house where he now lives the author of 'Vermont' was born some fifty-eight years ago. Curiously enough, his early education was limited; and, as he had some talent for drawing, he turned his first attention to work as a draughtsman for some of the illustrated papers of New York. In that line he continued, with success, until eighteen years ago, when he returned to his native farm. About the same time he began to contribute to *Forest and Stream*; and that correspondence, continued to the present time, has led to the republication of his sketches in book form under the titles of 'Uncle Fisk's Shop,' 'Sam Lovell's Camps' and 'Forest and Stream Fables,' the last-named having been illustrated by its author. He contributed to *Scribner's Monthly* in 1878 the article on 'Fox Hunting in New England,' which was afterwards republished in a volume entitled 'Sport with Gun and Rod.' Other articles also appeared in *Scribner's*, while *The Century*, *Lippincott's* and *The Atlantic* have printed various papers from his pen. Mr. Robinson's historical work began a score of years ago

when he prepared a sketch of Ferrisburgh for 'Hemmenway's Historical Gazetteer of Vermont,' and his continued interest in that branch of work led to his selection as an author in the American Commonwealths Series.

A peculiar book is coming from the house of Lee & Shepard next month. It is made up mostly of illustrations, and is designed to become an authority as an exposition of the Delsarte theory of expression. Edward B. Warman, the author of a work upon the training and care of the voice, is the author of this work on 'Gestures and Attitudes,' and his friends say that he has made a thoroughly practical book upon the system. Baron Nils Posse's 'Handbook of School Gymnastics of the Swedish System' is expected to serve as a useful explanation in condensed form of the Ling system upon which the Baron has written in his larger work, 'The Swedish System of Educational Gymnastics.' As is well known, the word gymnastics means to writers of this school much more than exercise for physical strength. Lee & Shepard are to issue the 'Handbook' about the same time with Mr. Warman's. They also publish shortly the volume of essays by Col. T. W. Higginson to which I alluded in an earlier letter. In that volume the essay on 'The New World and the New Book,' which gives the title to the collection, will attract attention at once. Among the other essays are 'A Contemporaneous Posterity,' 'On Taking Ourselves Seriously,' 'Town and Gown,' 'The Evolution of an American,' 'Concerning High Water Marks,' 'An American Temperament,' 'The Shadow of Europe,' and 'On Literary Tonics.'

The marriage last Thursday of Mr. George H. Hayes to Miss Elizabeth V. Wright of Dorchester reminds me that another theatrical work is to be added to the list now in the hands of Bostonians. Mr. Hayes told me of his contribution to stage literature a few days ago. With Emil Schwab and Henry H. Putnam as librettists he has prepared an opera of Revolutionary days to be called 'The Continentals.' He has already won considerable popularity with his songs 'Memories of the Violets' and 'The Arab Love-Song,' and has brought out one opera, 'Elena.'

BOSTON, Oct. 13, 1891.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

The Lounger

THE ENGAGEMENT of Dr. Sigurd Ibsen, the son of the distinguished Norwegian dramatist, Henrik Ibsen, to Bergliot Björson, daughter of the poet Björnstjerne Björnson, has already been announced here, but with the addition of various errors. Dr. Ibsen is not a physician, but a Ph. D. (a graduate of the University of Rome, Italy), and was formerly in the diplomatic service, at one time being Second Secretary of Legation at Washington, and at another attached to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs at Stockholm. He is the author of an able and exhaustive work on 'The Union Between Norway and Sweden.' Bergliot Björnson, his fiancée, was educated in Paris as a singer, and has had great success, particularly in rendering Hjerulf's settings of her father's songs. Björn Björnson, her oldest brother, the most eminent actor on the Norwegian stage, has been divorced from his wife, and is about to marry a well-known opera-singer, Ingeborg Oselio. He and his new wife intend to visit the United States during the World's Fair, his plan being to give public readings from the Norwegian poets in the Western cities, where there is a large Scandinavian population.

THE SAME FRIEND who furnishes me with these bits of gossip tells me that the celebrated Danish critic, Dr. Georg Brandes, several of whose works have been translated into English and published in this country, has applied in vain to the Danish Government for an 'author's stipend' of \$600. After a long and acrimonious debate the Rigsdag refused his request on account of the petitioner's agnosticism. After a long residence abroad, Alexander Kielland has returned to Norway and settled down in his native city, Stavanger.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE, under the administration of its new President, Seth Low, is beginning to draw the literary genius and talent of the land into its service in a way that is very gratifying to those who have at heart the interests of literature, of Columbia and of the City of New York. Undergraduates and 'outsiders' alike are to have the privilege this year of hearing the lectures on Poetry delivered by Mr. Stedman at Johns Hopkins University, on the Percy Turnbull foundation, last spring; Mr. Brander Matthews (an alumnus of Columbia) has already begun the delivery of a number of lectures on English versification, the humorous drama of the English language, and the prose fiction of the present century in Great Britain and America; and since the last term closed, Mr. George E. Woodberry has joined the Faculty as Professor of Literature in English. For several years the chair of Modern Languages at Columbia has been occupied by Prof. H. H. Boyesen, the

Norwegian poet, essayist and story-writer; and in the School of Mines, Mr. Frank Dempster Sherman, well-known as a writer of very graceful verse, who was last year associated with Prof. Ware in the department of Architecture, has been promoted to an assistant professorship. Of the new Professor of Literature a writer in the *Boston Transcript* speaks thus enthusiastically:

It is useless to be fretting about finding a poet who can write the ode for the opening Columbian Exposition, foolish to ask a foreign poet to write it, when George Edward Woodberry is living and in splendid grasp of youthful power. The new Professor of Literature at Columbia College cannot be unknown in Chicago. His ode, 'My Country,' is unsurpassed in fervor in the patriotic literature of our own country only by Lowell's 'Commemoration Ode.' Mr. Woodberry is a New England man, to be sure, and writes for *The Atlantic Monthly*, and his volume of poems, 'The North Shore Watch,' is published here. But New York will claim him now that he goes to Columbia. And Chicago may declare that his love for his country has been broadened and deepened by his experience of life on the prairies, for Mr. Woodberry was four years a professor in the University of Nebraska. European travel has added to his Harvard culture, and he has above all a large and sincere endowment of the modesty of genius.

'IN AN OLD NUMBER of *The Critic* (Sept. 20, 1890),' writes F. S. D. of Philadelphia, 'I find you chatting on original editions of *The Snob* and *The Gownsman*, "the short-lived but lively periodicals which Thackeray not only edited but wrote during his residence at Cambridge." Mr. Anderson includes *The Gownsman* in his bibliography of Thackeray; but what evidence is there that Thackeray had anything to do with this latter publication? It appeared in seventeen numbers, from Nov. 5, 1830, to February 25, 1831. Now Thackeray left Cambridge on the completion of the Lenten term, 1830, and shortly thereafter started for the Continent. We find him writing from Coblenz on July 30, 1830, and on October 20, following, he describes his introduction to Goethe at Weimar, where he appears to have spent the greater portion of the winter of 1830-31, including the entire time of the appearance of *The Gownsman*. It would require affirmative evidence to prove that Thackeray while at Weimar wrote and printed a weekly journal at Cambridge. The presumption is against it.'

'ENCLOSED is a newspaper clipping that I think you may be able to make use of in the Lounger column,' writes W. D. A. of Berkeley, Cal. 'The translation of the "Nota" is particularly rich.' The 'clipping' proves to be an advertisement in two languages—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say in one language and a half. In French it runs as follows:

LIMONADERIE L. ATGER: Rue du Marché. Monsieur Atger a l'honneur d'informer le public qu'il vient d'adapter à sa Limonaderie un matériel nouveau et perfectionné pour la fabrication de la Limonade en grandes et petites bouteilles. Monsieur Atger, qui exerce la profession de Limonadier depuis vingt années, et dont les produits sont appréciés par une nombreuse clientèle, apportera, comme par le passé, tous ses soins à la satisfaction.

Eau de Seltz tous les jours en petits siphons (système français). NOTA.—Les récipiens doivent être rigoureusement rendus.

The 'English' version of this advertisement is couched in these terms:

LEMONADERY L. ATGER: Market Street. Mr. Atger have the honor to inform the public that he makes, with a new and perfectionné material, Lemonade in smalls and begs bottles. Mr. Atger that has been exerting this profession these last twenty years and in which his produces are appreciated by numerous persons, will continue to satisfy his clientèle.

Soda water every day. NOTA.—The recipients must be brought back.

A WRITER IN the London *Globe* 'picks up' a writer in *Macmillan's* who has been scoring the people who are always nagging an author to begin his great work. No sooner has a man achieved some sort of position in the world of letters, the *Globe* writer declares, than

he is beset with requests to dissipate talent that might have served some high emprise by writing the little book, the little essay, the little paper that are the favorites of an age much more given to tasting the qualities of an author in one of his shortest works than of studying him in his longest. For that very reason, there are many men living at this moment who, looking back at the thought they have wasted on matter for ephemeral publications, tossed aside as soon as read, look on these receptacles for little things as a charnel-house of ideas. To such the writer in *Macmillan* will appear to be pulling the wrong way.

This is a question—not the only question, it may be admitted—that has two sides. There is many a clever fellow, doomed to daily work on a newspaper, who fancies the world infinitely the poorer for his enforced abstention from original, creative work;

and there are men capable of doing good journalistic work who are wasting laborious years in the production of ponderous and drowsy tomes, of the '*magnum opus*' kind, that simply cumber the shelves of libraries. But there can be no doubt that the world would be the gainer if other brilliant pens than those of Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mrs. Margaret Deland were to give to 'important' works the brains and energy now spent on a succession of unconsidered trifles. Yet again the experience of Bret Harte and Rudyard Kipling is enough to indicate that an author's 'greatest' work is not necessarily his largest.

IF DR. DEPEW will accept the word of one who "knows her Whitechapel" and also knows, still more intimately, the Hebrew quarter of the East-side of her own city," writes a lady correspondent, referring to a paragraph printed in this column on Sept. 26, "he will believe that almost any Friday morning—a moist, oozy one being most propitious—he may, by walking the length of Ridge Street, witness a spectacle which distances the London exhibit. Old clothes, socks, aprons, stale fish, flesh and fowl, trimmed bonnets, confectionery, decayed fruit and vegetables, corsets, ribbons, tinware and crockery, "vessels of honor and vessels of dishonor," are offered from promiscuous "push-carts," while the half-clad, filthy and murderous-looking purchasers chaffer, swear and fight, obstructing the passage of the street in one solid mass, and occasionally belaboring each other with dilapidated receptacles—old pitchers, saucers and baskets—whose contents thus become the prey of the more phlegmatic. As on the Day of Pentecost, every one is heard in the language wherein he was born, and apparently no two could claim the same birthplace. Anything more perditional it would be hard to imagine."

QUEEN VICTORIA recently accepted a copy of Miss Marie Corelli's 'Romance of Two Worlds.' The book was not presented in the usual way, through Sir Henry Ponsonby, but by one of the ladies-in-waiting, with the result that her Majesty was pleased to intimate by telegraph, through Lady Churchill, that she would like 'all Marie Corelli's works.' The set of volumes, specially bound in white and gold, has therefore, according to the Royal command, been conveyed by a 'Queen's Messenger' from Buckingham to Balmoral. With Lewis Morris as a favorite poet and Marie Corelli as a favorite writer of fiction, the standard of literature at Buckingham and Balmoral is hardly as high as it was at the court of Augustus.

THE WITNESSES to the privately celebrated marriage of Mr. Henry Norman and Miss Ménie Muriel Dowie ('The Girl in the Karpathians') were Miss Dowie's maid and the faithful Indian servant whom Mr. Norman brought back with him from his travels. Mr. and Mrs. Norman are spending their honeymoon on a visit to Scotland, where the pleasures of shooting and fishing, as readers of Mrs. Norman's book will not be surprised to hear, are being pursued by both with equal zest. 'The figure of Mrs. Norman issuing to the chase in a smart Tautz knickerbocker suit, with a cigarette between her lips and a salmon-rod in her hand,' is said by *The Pall Mall* to electrify 'the simple and sober Scot, who has never seen anything quite so charmingly unconventional before.' Mr. Norman went to Siam to look for 'copy,' a year or two ago—and found a gold mine.

A Paternal Government

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING POST:—

SIR: Mr. B. F. Stevens, the despatch agent of our Government in London, has been occupied many years in exploring private and public archives in Europe for the unpublished correspondence buried in them, relating to the early history of our Government, and in having facsimiles of it made for those who are willing to share with him the expense of the undertaking.

This correspondence is sent to this country in boxes of the size of folio volumes, at the cost of \$20 the volume. Each of these volumes on reaching our coast is subject to a tax or duty of five dollars by the officers of the customs. Ten volumes have already appeared, and the privilege of reading their contents, which are of the deepest interest and concern to every American, has already cost me \$50 in duties alone.

Will you please to tell me what 'infant industry' is protected by discouraging in such a mother-n-law way these efforts a few Americans are making to enlighten themselves in regard to the early history of our country? And why, if the tax is reasonable, any American citizen who goes abroad should be allowed to return without paying a duty proportioned to the amount of money he spent on his trip? Yours respectfully,

JOHN BIGELOW.
2 GRAMERCY PARK, September 25.

"The Midnight Visitor"

MR. HORACE L. TRAUBEL thinks we have not made Walt Whitman's connection with the translation of Murger's 'Midnight Visitor' sufficiently clear. He writes:—"Whitman knows nothing of French. The English of the poem is *impressionistic*. Translated for him off-hand, he (perhaps with assistance or counsel from others) put it into shape as now found and made current. It is curious to find *The Observer* quoting the poem in citation of the fact that Whitman compares unfavorably with Young and others in cheerful and serene faith—in welcome of death. This is so out of line with what is the plainest testimony of 'Leaves of Grass' as to indicate his critic's ignorance of that work." We reproduce the poem partly to show that Mr. Whitman can make rhymes and conventional rhythms, if only in translating:

"Whose steps are those? Who comes so late?"
 "Let me come in—the door unlock."
"Tis midnight now; my lonely gate
 I open to no stranger's knock.
"Who art thou? Speak!" "Men call me Fame.
 To immortality I lead."
"Pass, idle phantom of a name."
 "Listen again, and now take heed.
"Twas false. My names are Song, Love, Art.
 My poet, now unbar the door."
"Art's dead, Song cannot touch my heart,
 My once Love's name I chant no more."
"Open then, now—for see, I stand,
 Riches my name, with endless gold—
Gold and your wish in either hand."
 "Too late—my youth you still withhold."
"Then, if it must be, since the door
 Stands shut, my last true name do know.
Men call me Death. Delay no more;
 I bring the cure of every woe."
The door flies wide. "Ah guest so wan,
 Forgive the poor place where I dwell—
An ice-cold hearth, a heart-sick man,
 Stand here to welcome thee full well."

Lowelliana

MR. LOWELL has been sharply criticised in certain quarters, where to be condemned is to be complimented, for his light and airy allusion to 'the three P's—piscatory rights, pigs, and Paddy,' which were humming in his head, so he wrote to Lord Cranbrook, to the exclusion of less weighty matters. Of course it was easy for his dislikers to seize this allusion as a text for a berating, and there can be no doubt that the use of such an expression was indiscreet in a minister, even in writing a private and playful letter to a friend; still, the letter was a private one, and the greatest indiscretion was that of the gentleman who rushed it into print immediately after the writer's death.

The photograph of Mr. Lowell which we have twice characterized as the best we have ever seen has been admirably reproduced in *Sun and Shade* from the original made by Gutekunst of Philadelphia on the eve of the sitter's seventieth birthday.

The Review of Reviews' SYMPOSIUM'

Twenty-five pages of the October *Review of Reviews* are devoted to 'James Russell Lowell: A Composite Character Sketch,' the photographers of the character of this 'most eminent American who has lived in the last decade of the century' being Prof. J. F. Jameson of Brown University, who writes of 'Lowell and Public Affairs'; Prof. C. T. Winchester of Wesleyan, whose theme is 'Lowell as Man-of-Letters'; Prof. R. D. Jones of the Illinois State Normal College, who discourses of 'Lowell and the Public Schools'; Mr. Raymond Blathwayt, a London journalist, who reports 'A Last Interview' at Elmwood; and the editor, Mr. W. T. Stead, who fills eleven pages with an account of 'Lowell's Message, and How it Helped Me.' Prof. Jameson, in an excellent essay, says:—"There is perhaps a general feeling that it is best for the poet to keep aloof, in serene disengagement, from the scenes of political strife."

gagement, from the heated atmosphere of political strife,—that the poetic gift itself is likely to be impaired if it is brought into contact with the ignoble dust of party warfare. However this may be, Lowell is a shining instance to the contrary, an instance of a poet whose best inspiration was derived from passionate interest in public affairs.' 'In genuine catholicity of taste,' Prof. Winchester ventures to think, 'no English critic of the past half-century has surpassed Mr. Lowell.' He asks:—

Which critic of them all could have written two such thoroughly sympathetic studies on men world-wide apart in temper, as Lowell's essay on Dryden and on Dante? And if his writing lacks the chasteness, temperance, and balance of such a master of style as Arnold, we shall find ample compensation in his originality, his wealth of imagination, humor, and wisdom. It is seldom that a critic can so captivate by the charm of a racy personality, while at the same time he transfers to us so completely his own appreciation of what is best in letters. He is all the better critic that he is still the poet and the humorist.

Prof. Jones is an enthusiastic Lowellian:—

A strong effort is now made in the public schools to teach patriotism. The movement, in its spirit and force, amounts to a crusade. What a glorious selection for this purpose is Lowell's 'Commemoration Ode!' I can think of no greater privilege in a teacher's life than to take a class of bright, eager young people through this noble ode. I should have them read it slowly, dwell upon it, engrave it on their hearts forever! * * * In the increasing interest which the public schools are taking in literature as the best unsectarian means of instruction in morals, Lowell's place in their curriculum will without doubt be sure and high.

Mr. Blathwayt gives an interesting glimpse of Mr. Lowell at his old home in Cambridge, only a few weeks before his death. But the most interesting part of this composite character-sketch is Mr. Stead's. There is always 'too much ego' in this gentleman's 'cosmos,' but there is no questioning the readability of what he writes. Of 'the preface to the Pious Editor's Creed,' which he quotes almost in its entirety, he is moved to write:—'All that is real and true in what Matthew Arnold called "the New Journalism," and which he said I had invented, is there in germ.' The italics are ours. Mr. Stead, at the age of eighteen or so, won a prize of a guinea for an essay on Cromwell, and as the prize had to be 'taken out in books,' he selected twenty shillings' worth and then added Lowell's Poems to complete the tale. 'With the exception of the little copy of Thomas Kempis, which General Gordon gave to me as he was starting for Khartoum,' he declares, 'it is the most precious of all my books. It has been with me everywhere. In Russia, in Ireland, in Rome, in prison, it has been a constant companion.' Early in his life, he assures his readers, there grew up in me, largely under Lowell's influence, a feeling as if there was something that blasphemed God in whatever interposed a barrier impeding the free flow of the helpful sympathy and confident intercourse between man and man. But how could anything be done? It was hard to say, beyond endeavoring, each in his own sphere, to be as helpful, as loving-kind, and as sympathetic, as he knew how. Yet, how trivial seemed everything you could do; how infinitesimal the utmost that any individual could achieve. But when in this desponding mood, Lowell's memorial verses to W. Lloyd Garrison inspirited me as with the blast of a trumpet.

A characteristic specimen of Mr. Lowell's despatches, written at Madrid in July, 1878, for the Secretary of State at Washington, is quoted by Mr. Stead with this deserved encomium:—'If there were many such despatch writers, Blue Books would be as popular as three-volume novels. This "specimen" causes us to renew the expression of our wish that a selection from Mr. Lowell's official despatches from Madrid and London might be made public.'

LOWELL AND THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY

AT A MEETING of the Massachusetts Historical Society on Oct. 8, the President, Dr. George E. Ellis, said:—

During the nearly thirty years of his membership of this society, Mr. Lowell, while in the country, felt the highest interest in its

purposes and work, following his revered father in his lengthened term of years in its service. Our late associate was put upon the Publishing Committee for editing the journal of Judge Sewall. Had not his diplomatic mission taken him abroad he would have given a most zealous interest to the work. With his characteristic appreciation and taste, he regarded the faithful and communicative pages of that signal Puritan magnate as one of the most precious of all our historic treasures in manuscript or in print. He watched the progress of the work through the press in the galley-proofs which I sent to him with critical care. He was most concerned that what Sewall wrote should be printed as he wrote it, preserving especially all the archaisms of language. When I had the satisfaction of sending to him in London the three substantial volumes, on which five years of editorial labor had been spent, he wrote from the Legation, 5th of June, 1882:—'I have this morning received the three handsome volumes of Sewall and beg you to accept my most sincere thanks. Is there anything I can do for you here, if my Irish fellow-citizens let me stay a little longer? I have peeped into Sewall and foresee a very great pleasure. It is *redolent*, as Gray would say, of New England—and I am rather fond of New England, between ourselves. I have no doubt of its having been thoroughly edited, and regret nothing more than that I should have lost the chance of helping.'

Dr. Ellis recalled the 'impressive occasion' when Mr. Lowell, having returned from his mission to England, addressed the Society on the services at the Court of St. James of his predecessor, the Hon. Charles Francis Adams, then recently deceased. A rule of the Society precludes formal addresses on such occasions, but informal remarks on Mr. Lowell were made by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, the Hon. E. R. Hoar and Mr. Horace E. Scudder. Mr. Adams was appointed to write the memoir of Edmund Quincy, and Mr. Scudder the memoir of Henry W. Longfellow, which had been previously assigned to Mr. Lowell. The appointment for a memoir of Mr. Lowell himself was deferred to the next meeting.

MR. STODDARD'S CRITICISM

[From an article in *The Mail and Express*]

THE true poet is this [a poet pure and simple, a maker of poems, a singer of songs], whatever else he may be, and being this, we have no right to demand that he shall be other than this, which was the intention and is the perfection of his being. The genius of Mr. Lowell, if we comprehend it rightly, was a more purely poetical one than that of Whittier, and a more profoundly poetical one than that of Longfellow; but he has not given as much pleasure with it as they have with theirs, for even those who admire him most must admit that the number of his enjoyable and memorable poems is much smaller than theirs.

There are great qualities in his poems, but not many great poems, only one, we think, in which he surpassed all his native contemporaries, the 'Commemoration Ode,' which is destined to live with the great odes of the great English poets. His conception was more vivid and powerful than his execution, which was frequently marred by haste and harshness; his mind was impatient, and his sense of harmony imperfect. He wrote largely from impulse, we judge, and in great haste, not from premeditation, and the critical judgment which he undoubtedly possessed.

He was satisfied with his first drafts, which he was averse to correcting, preferring fervor to finish. He need not have been long, and he probably was not long, in writing 'The Vision of Sir Launfal,' which is merely an improvisation, splendid in parts, but incomplete as a whole. No poet with whom he should be compared, not even Shelley, ever wrote so carelessly, so wilfully, and so unevenly, with so much confidence in himself and so little respect for his readers. If he had been unlettered, we could understand this and condone it. But he was not unlettered; no American poet was less so.

He was thoroughly literate, a master of his own language, and a scholar in other tongues—ancient and modern. There was no literary position which he could not have filled with honor, and no literary work which he could not have performed with distinction. His prose was admirable, lively, spirited, energetic, fluent, humorous, witty, sparkling with epigrams, and enlivened with recondite allusions. His forte was criticism, not merely of English letters, of which we all suppose we know something, but foreign literatures: French, Italian, Spanish, German, and the great literature of Greece and Rome, which is, and ought to be, the despairing admiration of generations like ours.

No English critical writing of the time, and certainly no American critical writing, is so generally intelligent and catholic, so acute

and wise, so judicial and just, so liberal, so large, and so decisive as that of Mr. Lowell. We may cavil at his verse, which is not flawless, but we cannot, without hyper-criticism, cavil at his prose, which, equal to any that we have produced for the interchange of opinions, is superior to all that we have produced in the shape of critical analysis, and study, and judgment.

We have lost in him a critic who had a right to be heard, he had so thoroughly fitted himself for the chair which he occupied, and to whom we were bound to listen thoughtfully, if not reverently, for he spoke as with authority, and not as do the scribes who are so numerous among us; and we have lost in him a poet of originality and distinction, who, if he wrote less poetry than he might have done, and we think ought to have done, wrote enough to distinguish his name and enrich our literature. We have other men-of-letters of the earlier generations to lose, but none whose taking off will affect us like that of Mr. Lowell.

A Sonnet Translated by Coleridge

J. D. C. HAS SENT to *The Athenaeum* the following sonnet, which he takes to be a translation, by Coleridge, from the Italian or Spanish. He writes:—‘I have found the following sonnet in a note-book of S. T. Coleridge kindly lent to me by its present possessor, his grandson, Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge. The verses are in the poet’s handwriting, and the composition is certainly his, for the MS. has many corrections; indeed, I have had no little difficulty in piecing out the text as finally settled.’

Lady, to Death we’re doom’d, our crime the same!
Thou, that in me thou kindlest such fierce Heat;
I, that my Heart did of a Sun so sweet
The Rays concentrer to so hot a flame.
I, fascinated by an Adder’s Eye—
Deaf as an Adder thou to all my Pain;
Thou obstinate in Scorn, in passion I—
I lov’d too much, too much didst thou disdain.
Hear then our doom in Hell as just as stern,
Our sentence equal as our crimes conspire—
Who living bask’d at Beauty’s earthly Fire,
In living flames eternal there must burn—
Hell for us both fit places too supplies—
In my Heart Thou wilt burn, I roast before thine eyes.

Mr. Sidney Crompton writes:—‘I remember a sonnet by the Spanish poet Bartolomeo Cairasco, of which I think this of Coleridge is a translation. Cairasco’s works are difficult to get, and he himself is only an obscure poet.’ And J. M. W.:—‘J. D. C. will find the Italian original of the sonnet translated by Coleridge—about which he inquires—in the second volume of “Carmen Macaronicum” (Gilbert & Rivington, 1890).’

Herman Melville

THE PASSING OF MELVILLE’S POPULARITY

[From an editorial in *The New York Times*]

* * * Forty years ago the appearance of a new book by Herman Melville was esteemed a literary event, not only throughout his own country, but so far as the English-speaking race extended. To the ponderous and quarterly British reviews of that time, the author of ‘Typee’ was about the most interesting of literary Americans, and men who made few exceptions to the British rule of not reading an American book not only made Melville one of them, but paid him the further compliment of discussing him as an unquestionable literary force. Yet when a visiting British writer a few years ago inquired at a gathering in New York of distinctly literary Americans what had become of Herman Melville, not only was there not one among them who was able to tell him, but there was scarcely one among them who had ever heard of the man concerning whom he inquired, albeit that man was then living within a half-mile of the place of the conversation. Years ago the books by which Melville’s reputation had been made had long been out of print and out of demand. * * *

In its kind this speedy oblivion by which a once famous man so long survived his fame is almost unique, and it is not easily explicable. Of course there are writings that attain a great vogue and then fall entirely out of regard or notice. But this is almost always because either the interest of the subject matter is temporary, and the writings are in the nature of journalism, or else the workmanship to which they owe their temporary success is itself the produce or the product of a passing fashion. This was not the case with

Herman Melville. Whoever, arrested for a moment by the tidings of the author’s death, turns back now to the books that were so much read and so much talked about forty years ago has no difficulty in determining why they were then read and talked about no longer. The total eclipse of what was then a literary luminary seems like a wanton caprice of fame. At all events, it conveys a moral that is both bitter and wholesome to the popular novelist of our own day.

A LETTER TO THE *Times* FROM ONE WHO KNEW HIM

I am glad to see that at least one paper in this city has placed in its columns a worthy editorial in the memory of the late Mr. Melville, whose fame at one time was second to none in the annals of our literature. I cannot recollect any other man whose advent from obscurity was so sudden and brilliant as his. Despairing of recognition at home, accident led him to send his manuscript to London, where its merits were seen at once by the renowned ‘Murray,’ king of bookmen, and given to the English public with a success which must have astonished the modest author, who awoke and found himself famous. This success was more than eclipsed when the Putnams made the works known in the home market.

It is a melancholy thought, when reading the continued gushing of the press over the late Mr. Lowell—a press which but a short time before was filled with vituperations of the man to satisfy the political views of the Irish element here and abroad—to think that one his equal, though in a narrow sphere, should pass away unknown, unhonored, and unsung. One reason for Melville’s obscurity as a man and writer must be looked for in the man himself. He had shot his arrow and made his mark and was satisfied. With considerable knowledge of the world, he preferred to see it from a distance, and was in no sense a man of business. His proud and sensitive nature made him a recluse, and led him to bury himself from a world with which he had little in common.

Had he been offered the editorship of some magazine, he would probably have accepted the position and filled it well; but to seek and ask that or any other position would for him have been impossible. So he was contented to be forgotten, and among his cherished books he passed his life. With the few who were permitted to know him he was the man of culture, the congenial companion, and the honestest and manliest of all earthly friends. I once asked the loan of some of his books, which early in life had given me such pleasure, and was surprised when he said that he didn’t own a single copy of them.

This little incident tells a story of his own indifference to the children of his brain. I had before noticed that, though eloquent in discussing general literature, he was dumb when the subject of his own writings was broached.

NEW YORK, Monday, Oct. 5, 1891.

O. G. H.

[The first paragraph in this communication conveys a false impression as to the attention attracted by Melville’s death; the *Tribune* as well as the *Times* has honored the romancer’s memory. Nor was the manuscript of ‘Typee’ offered to or declined by the American publishers: it was sent to Mr. Murray as soon as completed. EDS. CRITIC.]

Lord Tennyson’s New Play

[*The Athenaeum*]

IN DESCRIBING Lord Tennyson’s new play as a woodland poem, I feel that I shall say enough to set the reader longing for one of those things ‘of beauty’ of which he has given us so many. It is in her woodland scenery that our land excels all the countries of the world. Not that the glades, meadows and woods of England are more impressive or more romantic than those of continental Europe—indeed, they must be pronounced at their best tame when compared with some of the woodland recesses backed by mountain peaks in which Italy is so rich. But in mere enjoyableness, in the blending of cosiness with romance, the woodland scenery of England stands alone. The sense of luxury associated with the green richness of grass and leaf is marred by no apprehension of the unpleasant, the noisome or the dangerous. Without any association of poisonous reptile coiled among the beautiful wild flowers, or even of the maddening sting of insect foes, the reader of English poetry can let not only his spirit but also his body roam through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways, heedless of anything and everything except

The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May’s eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

In a word, wheresoever may be laid the scenes of the fairy fancies of Shakespeare and Fletcher, it is in the woodlands of England alone that they can be actualized for the reader's imagination. And from the Elizabethans down to the present hour no poet—not even he who wrote the divine lines quoted above—has a sympathy with the spirit of the woodlands more deep than Lord Tennyson has shown, and in no work of his has this sympathy been more exquisitely expressed than in the comedy about to be produced by Mr. Daly, while over it all hangs the magic of the Fairyland of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' and the 'Faithful Shepherdess.' Nor would it be easy to imagine any character more suitable to bring out the peculiar and fascinating piquancy of Miss Ada Rehan's acting than that of the heroine of this play. Of this acting the special quality is, perhaps, that when her forces are fully focussed in a dramatic situation, as they will be in many a one in this play, her command over all bodily expression, both of face and of limbs, is so perfect that it is impossible to say whether the movement is born of the word or the word of the movement. And although the dramatist had not this actress in his mind when he drew the heroine, the character harmonizes with the unique charm of her genius as entirely as though it had been created for her.

Although this comedy has been written for some time, the present year, as regards the quality, if not the quantity of its productiveness, will certainly have to rank amongst the most remarkable of Lord Tennyson's life. The masterful conciseness born of an imagination at white heat—the power of expressing in one or two pregnant words a phase of emotion which other poets could only express in an entire stanza (a power in which, as *The Athenaeum* said the other week, the Laureate has no equal save Dante)—is as strong as ever—nay, stronger than ever—in the poems to be included in the volume now in progress; and surely this is a fact of extraordinary interest to the student of poetry. Whencesoever the Dantesque grip has been approached by other poets of Dante's own period, or before or since—such as Sappho, for instance, or Villon, or Heine, or (occasionally) Burns—it has been in the early ripeness of their powers, physical as well as mental. Indeed, so interwoven are the material and the spiritual forces of man that this Dantesque grip must have as much to do with the poet's physical as his mental condition. And it will be remembered that De Quincey, when expatiating upon what he considered his own verbose method of telling the story of the murder of the Marrs, excused his diffuseness by explaining that it was the result of the physical depression under which he was laboring when he undertook to tell the story, although his mind was as active as ever. This is why the fact that Lord Tennyson's new poems were mainly written in the poet's eighty-second year is so remarkable a circumstance as to have no parallel in the history of poetry. He has always contrived that every volume of his, howsoever small in bulk, shall have the charm of variety. But more various than any of its predecessors will be the forthcoming volume, comprising as it does Hellenic legend, Oriental tradition, humorous *patois*, idyl, and even stories of the wild brigand life of Southern Europe.

THEODORE WATTS.

"To the Leaders of Southern Opinion"

I. C. OF HENDERSON, Kentucky, has called our attention to an open letter which appeared recently in the Nashville, Tenn., *American*, over the signature of 'S. D. McCormick, Chairman of Committee.' It begins as follows:—

To the leaders of Southern opinion: I speak the voice of your own people; I hold the record, which in the last sixty days they have put into my hands; I would hold back no part of the truth from you; this truth I feel that I have received as a sacred trust; in the discharge of that trust I speak. The committee, of which I am chairman, have consulted with the people of the South. These have spoken. From every quarter there has been but one response.

The people of the South, your people, have a complaint to prefer. They feel 'that at the bar of history they are misjudged, and that in many literary avenues they are without recognition. Some say: "Our own talent has not been true to its native soil, and that the temptation to lean toward Northern prejudices ought to be removed.' Others feel that a material age, which a civil convulsion brought upon the South, portends a decline or a state of literary apathy, which may efface the individuality of our people, and carry down all that is distinctively Southern."

The sentiment may be summed up as follows: By unanimous voice they have asked a convention to consider the needs of literature in the South. The committee in response to these declared views have issued a call for a convention to meet in Nashville, Oct. 28, 1891, to consider these needs, and to take such action and make

such recommendations as the people in their representative capacity may determine. If this movement evolves, as they hope, a school of criticism and philosophy in the South it will give a grand impetus to Southern letters. This convention ought to accomplish much good should a magazine literature not at once result.

To the same correspondent we are indebted for a copy of the editorial comments of Col. Watterson's paper, the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, upon Chairman McCormick's open letter 'to the leaders of Southern opinion':—

We have received from various quarters of late quite a number of communications touching what the writers describe as 'the literature of the South,' accompanied by entreaties, more or less pressing, that the *Courier-Journal* should 'lend' its 'powerful aid' to the advancement of 'an organized movement' in its support. It is not in our mind or heart to say anything disrespectful, or even discouraging, to the well-meaning people who propose to 'organize' a 'movement' of this description. But the scheme is chimerical in the last degree, with a false notion of literature for its premise, and no suggestion that is either conclusive, or tangible, for its object.

Literature, that is, the communication of thoughts or knowledge, the exposition and promulgation of ideas, facts or emotions, or other forms and aims of expression, by means of books, or other printed agencies, can neither be sectionalized, nor localized in the practical and business matter of publication. Literary production is one thing—a thing, let us say, idealistic and spiritual; its embodiment into a vehicle, with, let us say, powers of locomotion, is quite another thing, being purely materialistic and concrete. Book publishing is distinctly a trade. Book-making is more or less so; but the most airy creations of the fancy must, before they can compass the most visionary ends of an ambitious authorship, undergo the very earth-earthly ordeal of the composing-room and the press-room, the bindery and the shop; affairs at once commonplace and costly. Hence, the headquarters of literature the world over is, and always has been and must ever be, the crowded centres of population; in England, London; in France, Paris; in America, New York; with an occasional annex, like Edinburgh to London, or Boston and Philadelphia to New York. As well might one expect successfully to start a silk-mill in Arkansas, or a sugar-mill in Maine, as a book-mill in Charleston, or Mobile, or Nashville, or Louisville, except, indeed, to supply some immediate want sufficiently manifested and ready to its hand, as in the case of certain religious and educational publications. Even here, however, the competition between the lesser and the greater cities is most unequal.

In England, France and Germany successful authorship has always made its way to the capitals. There it has found libraries, printing-houses, intellectual companionship, an artistic and a literary atmosphere. Such things are indispensable to the evolutions of genius no less than to the uses of mere productivity. The history of literature is not a bucolic study. It is a story of the town. For whilst many great authors were born in rural solitudes, far from the madding crowd, few of them stuck to their native country; and, though their writing was never so racey of the soil, they brought it, with themselves, to the centres. Such exceptions as Burns and Scott only serve to point the moral, not to dispute it; even if they can be cited as exceptions, for, in their time, Edinburgh was a literary capital of no mean pretension.

But it is the claim of our literary friends that Southern writing has no chance with Northern publishers. This is not the least of their misconceptions. Exactly the reverse is true. Indeed, there happens to be at this time a great demand among bookmakers and magazine editors of the North for the literary products of the South. Writers like James Lane Allen and Thomas Nelson Page and Robert Burns Wilson find ready sale and good pay for all they can do. The writings of Uncle Remus, of Egbert Craddock, of Cable, of Malcolm Johnson, of Miss Baylor, and a number of others, are snapped up like hot cakes by the great publishing houses and read voraciously by the public of the North. Why should they not be? People who read take that which interests them no matter whence it comes; and men whose business it is to print books to sell are governed exclusively by the wants of reading people.

There is no politics in literature, and very little favoritism. Such as there is soon reaches its level and in the final sum-total equalizes itself. Good books have been rejected before now—'Jane Eyre' for example—and must ever occasionally be; but that is a question of error of judgment, not of prejudice. The rule is, in literature as in other things, that excellence finds its acceptance, as 'Jane Eyre' did.

To whatever will exalt and enlighten our manhood and our womanhood, will elevate and cultivate us as a people, the *Courier-*

Journal has never failed to give its influence and support: More than this in the way of literary development it cannot do. Literary organization is neither possible, nor desirable. If the chance collection of men so eminent as Longfellow, Lowell and Holmes, and their associates, exposed them to derision, and the charge of being a mutual admiration society, how much more open to attack would be a confessed union for co-operative purposes of men less eminent in literature? The idea is worse than absurd; for it is both impracticable in worldly wisdom and obnoxious to the true spirit of art.

International Copyright

TRYING TO COPYRIGHT *Puck* IN CANADA

MANAGER IRVING of the Toronto News Co., on behalf of Keppler & Schwartzmann, publishers of *Puck*, New York, has made application to the Canadian Minister of Agriculture for a copyright of that weekly in Canada. The firm was informed by the Washington authorities that under the recent alterations in the copyright arrangements this could be done, but the Ottawa authorities hold a contrary opinion. The question remains to be settled.

TWO SPEECHES AT THE AUTHORS' DINNER IN LONDON

[*The Author*]

WRITERS on both sides have been working to build up the great fabric of English literature, giving and taking, and the Americans sometimes giving quite as much as they took. It seems to me that if it is the case that Washington Irving was influenced by Addison and the essayists of the eighteenth century, it is not less true, as Mr. Dudley Warner, whose name I have the pleasure of coupling with this toast, will tell you, that Washington Irving had a very great influence upon the literature of this country. I also mentioned the great name of Edgar Allan Poe as the greatest master of one of the new forms of literature, the short story. The question is sometimes asked whether America is likely to produce some new type of literature? Well, Sir, new types of literature are not common; they do not flourish on every hedge, and before you can have a good type of literature you must have a man of genius to make it. Now, if the man comes and the hour in America, as the man and the hour came in English literature but once only—the time of Shakespeare—I have not the slightest doubt that the man would be welcomed by the authors of this country, but he will be welcomed not as the maker of a new type of American literature but as the maker of a new type of English literature. We should welcome his work, however racy of the soil it might be, however much it might be filled with what we are disposed to call Americanisms—we should welcome it as an addition to the wealth of the literature of our common tongue. At this late hour of the evening I will only venture to say this in all seriousness, we have present among us tonight a good many American authors, among them Mr. Warner, a distinguished gentleman, whose name I have to couple with this toast. He is an example of those who make for that solidarity of our literature of which I spoke. I ask you to drink to the health and prosperity of American authors.—*Prof. William Minto.*

I HAVE, in the first place, the pleasant duty of thanking the Society of Authors and the literary people of London, who have been good enough to come here, for the cordial expressions which I have heard with regard to my compatriots who are present here and elsewhere. We are not English in America. We are made up of all the peoples that an inscrutable Providence has given us for purposes I do not quite understand. We mingle there to produce a race, the destiny and quality of which is practically yet unknown. But underneath all this, the seething struggle which is going on in the United States, the guiding impulse has always been that regard for law and order and Christian civilization which has had its best exemplification in the Island of Great Britain, and Scotland, and Ireland. We have besides a training in traditions which are as old as England itself. We have always looked with a great deal of affection, and a good deal of wrath sometimes, towards this side of the Atlantic. We have been trained from age to age in the literature which is common to both countries, and which Professor Bryce likened to the drum which followed the sun round with the English flag. That is all true; and besides we have the American, the English, the Australian, the Canadian—I think I may say now, the Egyptian—literature; it is all one practically; that is to say, the great English conquering language for our possession; and if the time ever comes which the prophets ever like to harp upon, from Isaiah down, and the poets like to dwell upon, the great battle of Armageddon, where civilization and barbarism contend for the mastery in this world, I know that the English flag

and the American flag on the same field and the same side of the line will fall or rise together. I am, my Lord, in a good deal of embarrassment in replying to this toast which is limited, for I have learnt since I have been in London, from one of the most authoritative of your English Reviews, that there is no such thing as American literature, and very small prospect, and a widening horizon, of there ever being any such thing. Now we had thought in our humble way that there was, that there had been little something contributed to this great—you do not know what the Mississippi River is—it is a large river—the Mississippi River of literature; and we did not require any argument on our side from anybody on this side to say that we had contributed a little something. It was very much like the gentleman in Cincinnati who met the man from Ohio. I need not explain to you that Ohio is not the capital of Massachusetts. Walking along the street, he saw a gentleman opposite, and he said, 'You don't know that man, perhaps?' 'No, I do not know him; who is he?' 'Well, that is Mr. Cackendorff; he is the ablest lawyer in the State of Ohio.' 'Well,' he said, 'I never heard of Mr. Cackendorff, and how do you prove that he is the greatest lawyer in the State of Ohio?' 'Oh,' he said, 'you do not have to prove it, he admits it himself.' We admit, we know that we have had from time to time, in the old times, a little literature of the old English flavour, kept perhaps and imported back and forth, like the cheese which we make and send over and cure, and bring back and think it is English cheese; and we have had of late years, since the shekels of silver have released the American man from localism, sporadically in the West and in the South and West, and in the Middle States now and then, something that had a flavour and type of its own, and which, although English in its form and English in its language, was not Great Britain, but which was most distinctly American. We thought we had that, and we have not apologized for it or been ashamed of it. There was some time a great English literature not provincial, not insular, the literature which we all look to. I do not know that it exists to-day. I have not, in the four weeks I have been in London, been able to read all the smart newspapers of the place, but it seems to me that perhaps the literature of England is somewhat of a local literature. Your novelist, your humorous papers, your newspaper press take up the affairs that interest the people of these islands. We have also in America a local literature which interests us. I believe they have in Australia. I am certain they have in Canada. It is just possible that in these days of extraordinary progress everywhere, literature is getting a little localized, and that it will take another great period of upheaval like that which preceded the Elizabethan literature to make a literature which will go without charge and without tariff or custom house all over the world. I have some belief in that, because I know very well that the language of England, the English language to-day, is the prevailing and the conquering language of the civilized world, and that, in speaking on behalf of the little 62,000,000 in America, I think the English language never before had such an opportunity to be the language of the world as it has to-day, and that the author in Piccadilly or Pall Mall never before had such a chance as he has to-day to become the all embracing, comprehending author of a great civilized world. I am not making a speech; I want to say about the Copyright Act, however, a word. It is perfectly well known that all the American authors are rich. We have all been made prosperous by 10 per cent.; the publishers know it; they are all impoverished by our exactions. Now 10 per cent. on a book has made us rich, and this enormous prospect of 62,000,000 of readers—of cabdrivers and millionaires—is no doubt going to make all the English authors prosperous and rich. I myself rejoice in that prospect for them, because it is merely a matter of arithmetic, that if you sell at a cheap rate of 10 cents a copy 10,000 things you would get about 100 dollars in your pocket. You see how the wealth will flow in.

I hope no extravagant ideas will be raised in the minds of English authors in regard to this; and I merely throw this out by the way in passing along. The author all over the world has never had any great recognition; he has been asked to eulogize, to write Laureate odes, occasionally to dine at the lower end of the table. I myself sometimes wonder that the authors do not, as I think Prof. Bryce suggested, strike; and I have sometimes wondered what would become of the rest of the world if we did. What, for instance, would become of my friends the publishers and the printers? What, for instance, would become of all those intelligent people who give you their impression of what has gone on in the world, and what the world ought to have, and what the general opinion is after they have read the morning papers? I wonder very much what would happen if the literary folk, the unconsidered folk who write in the magazines and in the books, were one day to strike, and say, 'For the next year we won't do anything.' Privately I do not know that it would be a great misfortune if a book

was not published within the next ten years. But I am simply speaking of the effect on conversation if the literary folk were happening to strike for a year. You have sometimes crossed on an Atlantic steamer, and perhaps you would notice that about the second day without any newspapers the conversation languishes, and the people have not anything to talk about. The thing has somehow died out. The ordinary people—and I am quite one of them—have to fill up every morning with something that the editors have said in order to go on with the daily conversation. Now, I am quite serious, however in standing up for a certain dignity of literature, for I very well know for historical considerations that the thing which endures and lasts in all time is that little thing which we call literature. You build your monuments, your warehouses, your railroads, your great factories, your showy palaces for a generation or two, but somewhere in that time, in that period of great prosperity, somebody sings a song or makes a little poem—it may be nothing more than a sheet of paper. There is the pyramid, and there is the Trafalgar Square and New York, and there is San Francisco, teeming with wealth and with ostentation; but when all these things have passed, you know very well, you who have collected the little service of Greek and of Roman intelligence, the little records of thought and motion that some poet has preserved—you very well know that that little thing, that one sheet of paper, something, as I may say, light as air, as a bird's song—I assure you is the thing that you love and that helps the world when all the rest has faded away like a dream.—Charles Dudley Warner.

Landor's Acknowledgment of a Kiss

MISS KATE FIELD was a friend of the late Walter Savage Landor. In a recent number of *Kate Field's Washington* she tells how she once picked up the old poet's spectacles, and lets him tell how she once kissed him—

In his best moods, Landor was chivalry incarnate. His courtly manners towards ladies were particularly noticeable, from the rarity of so much external polish in the new school of Anglo-Saxon gallantry. It was a pleasure to receive compliments from him, for they generally lay imbedded in the *sauce piquante* of a *bon mot*. Having one day dropped his spectacles, which were picked up and presented to him by an American girl, Landor quickly exclaimed, with a grace not to be conveyed in words, 'Ah, this is not the first time you have caught my eyes!' It was to this same young girl that he addressed this pretty poem, 'to K. F.'—

Kisses in former times I've seen,
Which, I confess it, raised my spleen;
They were contrived by love to mock
The battledoors and shuttlecock.
Given, returned—how strange a play,
Where neither loses all the day,
And both are, even when night sets in,
Again as ready to begin!
I am not sure I have not played
This very game with some fair maid.
Perhaps it was a dream; but this
I know was not: I know a kiss
Was given me in the sight of more
Than ever saw me kissed before.
Modest as winged angels are,
And no less brave and no less fair,
She came across, nor greatly feared,
The horrid brake of wint'ry beard!

Notes

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO. have just brought out Canon Farar's 'Darkness and Dawn; or, Scenes in the Days of Nero.' This is the author's first venture into fiction for many years, and in it he is said to have stuck to the facts more closely than most writers of historical fiction do. The outline of the story is determined by the actual events of pagan and Christian history.

In 'Seas and Lands,' Sir Edwin Arnold's account of his recent travels, the earlier chapters are devoted to Canada and the United States, but the bulk of the book is given up to Japan. There are more than forty full-page illustrations from photographs. The Longmans will publish the book at once.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish on Wednesday next, Oct. 21, a new holiday edition of Whittier's 'Snow Bound: A Winter Idyl,' with photogravure illustrations from designs by Edmund H. Garrett, a portrait of Mr. Whittier, and a cover designed by Mrs. Whitman; 'Christopher Columbus, and How He Received and Imparted the Spirit of Discovery,' by Justin Winsor; 'Betty Alden,' by Jane G. Austin, in the author's series of historical romances of the Old Plymouth Colony; 'Huckleberries Gathered from New England Hills,' a book of short stories by Rose Terry Cooke; 'Masks, Heads, and Faces: With Some Considerations Respecting the Rise and Development of Art,' by Ellen Russell Emerson, author of 'Indian Myths'; and 'Bishop Wilberforce,' by G. W. Daniell, M.A.

—Mr. Clinton Scollard, the poet, has just become Professor of Literature at Hamilton College.

—George Francis James of the University of Nashville has been appointed lecturer on literature in the University of Pennsylvania, and editor of *University Extension*, the official organ of the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching.

—The London branch of G. P. Putnam's Sons has removed from King William Street to more commodious quarters at 24 Bedford Street, Strand. The firm has recently issued English editions of Adams's 'History of the United States,' Schurz's 'Essay on Lincoln,' etc., and reports an increasing interest on the part of English readers in American literature, and a growing demand for American books.

—J. B. Lippincott Company announce for early publication the 'Life of Benjamin Harris Brewster,' by Eugene Coleman Savidge, M.D.; the second volume of 'Hermetic Philosophy,' by Styx of the 'H. B. of L.'; and a new edition of Prof. Roberts Bartholow's 'Hypodermatic Medication.'

—The leading serial story in *The Atlantic Monthly* for 1892 will be 'Don Orsino,' by F. Marion Crawford.

—At the Carnegie Music Hall on Wednesday, Nov. 4, Sir Edwin Arnold will deliver the first of a series of fifty lectures in the United States. The receipts will go to St. Mark's Hospital. Sir Edwin will be the recipient of a dinner on the evening of Oct. 31, as the guest of the Lotus Club.

—One of the greatest molding forces of the last generation was the old lyceum or debating club; and it is proposed to revive the institution in the interest of good citizenship. *The Youth's Companion* announces an organization called the 'Lyceum League of America,' to consist of a system of local debating clubs, connected through the Lyceum Department of the *Companion*. This department accepts the care of the League, gives each club a free equipment, suggests topics for discussion, and furnishes aid in their investigation both by books and correspondence. The aim of this movement is to instruct the young on the great problems which confront the American people, and it is promised that it will be kept entirely free from partisanship.

—Mr. Godwin Smith has enlarged, and recast in the form of a biographical essay, his two *Macmillan* reviews of the Life of William Lloyd Garrison. The book will appear shortly.

—Mr. Henry E. Krehbiel's forthcoming book on 'The Wagnerian Drama' will contain five chapters, to wit:—'The Lyric Drama: Its Prototype and Elements,' 'Tristan und Isolde,' 'Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg,' 'Der Ring des Nibelungen,' and 'Parsifal.' They are said to be popular in style in spite of their scholarly thoroughness. Musical illustrations are to be used throughout. It is attempted to show that Wagner's theories of the relationship of music and poetry in the lyric drama are essentially those of the Greek tragedians.

—The J. B. Millet Company of Boston is preparing an exhaustive work, to be known as 'Famous Composers and Their Works.' The book will fill near 1000 pages, and will contain seventy-seven articles, of which seven will be essays in criticism. The editor is Prof. J. K. Paine of Harvard, and the following writers will contribute:—W. F. Athorpe, Oscar Comettant, Adolph Julian, and Arthur Pougin of Paris; Arrigo Boito, the Italian composer; Mrs. Ole Bull and Prof. John K. Fiske of Cambridge; Edward Dannreuther, Mrs. Julian Marshall, W. S. Rockstro, and W. Barclay Squire of London; Dr. Edward Hanslick of Vienna; Dr. Philip Spitta and Dr. Wilhelm Langhans of Berlin; John S. Dwight, Louis C. Elson, Arthur Foote, Philip Hale, Dr. Louis Kelterborn, E. A. MacDowell, H. M. Ticknor, B. E. Woolf, and George H. Wilson of Boston; George P. Upton of Chicago; H. E. Krehbiel, Henry T. Finck, Gustave Kobbé, and W. J. Henderson of New York. The musical illustrations will be edited by Theodore Thomas.

—The November *Century* will have two frontispieces, both being engravings by Cole from Michael Angelo's 'Sibyls,' in the Sistine Chapel.

—New announcements of Brentano's include 'Songs from the Operas,' text adapted by J. K. Bangs, illustrations by Frank M. Gregory; 'The Baby's Biography,' by A. O. Kaplan; 'Margery Daw's Home Confectionery,' by Lucy W. Bostwick; 'Magnificat' and 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' illustrated by F. M. Gregory; 'Driving as I Have Found It,' by Frank Swales; 'Colloquial German for Travellers and Students,' 'Bad Breaks in Good Form,' 'Beauty, and How to Keep It' and 'Dyspepsia.'

—*The Mutual Friend* is the title of a periodical to be devoted to the interest and advancement of amateur journalism, which will be published quarterly at Washington beginning on Jan. 1.

—Dr. Robertson Nicoll, the editor of *The British Weekly*, has arranged to publish through Hodder & Stoughton a new sixpenny monthly, devoted exclusively to literature and things literary, and called *The Bookman*. It will aim to be complete and fresh in the matter of news and prompt in respect to criticisms. There will be miscellaneous literary articles, a classified list of new books, and a page for young authors. Promised contributors are Messrs. Austin, Barrie, Hall Caine and Walter Pater; and there will also be papers from Profs. Cheyne, Marcus Dods, Dowden, Drummond, Minto and Stokes (Dublin). The first number will be ready this month.

—The Brooklyn Institute announces four Tuesday afternoon lectures on 'America in the American Poets,' by Mr. Edwin D. Mead, editor of *The New England Magazine*. The dates and poets are Oct. 13, Whittier; Oct. 20, Lowell; Oct. 27, Longfellow; and Nov. 3, Emerson.

—'Even below the Indian prig,' says Mr. Gosse, 'because he has at least known India, is the final object of Mr. Kipling's loathing, "Pagett, M. P.," the radical English politician who comes out for four months to set everybody right. His chastisement is always severe and often comic. But in one very valuable paper, which Mr. Kipling must not be permitted to leave unprinted, "The Enlightenments of Pagett, M. P.," he has dealt elaborately and quite seriously with this noxious creature.'

—The original of Mr. Stockton's 'Squirrel Inn' is said to be the Bear and Fox at Onteora in the Catskills, whose signboard was painted by Miss Dora Wheeler.

—The London 'Sette of Odd Volumes' has presented to its ex-President, Charles Holme, a large-paper copy of Frederick Locker-Lampson's 'London Lyrics.' It was beautifully bound, and when finished was shown to Mr. Locker, who further enriched it by writing on the fly-leaf the following characteristically modest lines:—

How fair its outside is—each leaf and each letter!

The less that we say of its inside the better.

—Mr. J. Scott of Chemulpo, Corea, has, after several years of labor, prepared a manuscript dictionary of the Corean language, which he is now seeing turned into print. Besides the lexicographical work, the book will have an introduction giving the history of the language, an outline of the grammar and other valuable matter for the student of this Oriental tongue.

—The late Edward H. Leffingwell of New Haven left a autograph collection which many judges pronounced the finest in the world. It contained the signatures of nearly 20,000 noted people. Nevertheless, it was put down in the inventory of the estate as worth \$10,000, and the family would have accepted even less. Not long ago it was sent to Boston to be sold, and brought \$51,200.07.

—A man who gave his name as Thomas Chancellor of Chancellorsville, Va., is accused by the *Times* of having sold several 'unique' copies of the Bible to different collectors in this neighborhood, lately. He claimed in each case that the volume had dropped from 'Stonewall' Jackson's pocket in the house of his (the seller's) grandfather at Chancellorsville, when the General was taken there after receiving his mortal wound. Some of the purchasers were Charles C. Hembree of 345 Third Avenue, A. S. Clark of Park Row and Peter Gilsey. After Mr. Hembree bought the Bible he was offered \$50 for it, but refused the offer, as he thought the book belonged to Mrs. Jackson, and intended sending it to her.

—The late Dr. Mitra (the Rajah Rajendra Lala Mitra), who would have completed in England his studies as a physician, had it not been that to cross the sea would have defiled his caste and doomed him to a life of penance, was for years the Librarian of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. He was a perfect master of every important Indian dialect of the present day, and he wrote and spoke English with singular purity. In addition to these, he became entirely familiar with French, German, Greek, Latin, Persian and Sanskrit—so familiar that he could think in any of them just as readily as in the vernacular.

—Louis de la Cour de la Pijardiére ('Louis Lacour') is dead at the age of fifty-nine. His first book, a study of the 'Garçons de Café et de Restaurant de Paris,' was published as the work of Gaston Vorlac, in 1856. In 1883 he became Archivist of the department of Hérault. In 1884, says the New York *Times*, 'he gave a history and description of the archives of Hérault, and in 1865 the report of a discovery made by him among these archives of an autograph of Molière, whose autographs are rarer than Shakespeare's. Every book of Louis Lacour gave light on some

obscure event of French literary history. He published the original texts, with admirable notes and explanations, of Brantôme, Bonaventure, Despérés, Lauzun, Mercier, Montesquieu, La Rochefoucauld, and Molière. He founded in Paris an "Académie des Bibliophiles," which published curious historical and literary documents. He was the most valuable co-laborer of Pierre Jannet in the publication of the "Bibliothèque Elzévirienne."

—'The late Charles Jamrach has done more than enrich the East-end with a collection of wild beasts,' says *The Pall Mall*. 'He has also enriched the West-end with a new word. "A jamrach," connoting a social assemblage of mixed characters and uncertain pedigrees, perhaps belongs rather to fashionable London slang than to the English language; but it is a picturesque term, and may stick long after its origin has been obscured by the lapse of time and the shortness of people's memories.'

—Miss Phelps's 'Gates Ajar' appeared in a daily paper the other day as 'Gates' Cigar'! An extraordinary list of blunders made by readers at a certain public library is recorded in *The Library Journal*. The following books were called for within a few months past:—

'Sara Zenaski,' 'Sequel of Saracknessa which is St. Hilario,' 'Ilworth Case,' 'Aristocrat of the Breakfast Table,' 'Cluster on the Hearth,' 'Marie Bashkerville,' 'Alsop's Fables,' 'Hy Spatia,' 'Dana's Emanuel of Geology,' 'Bonbury Roose, by Dickens,' 'Helen's Water Babies,' 'Great Orators—their habits and nature when young,' 'Cæsar's Contemporaries,' 'Tents of Ham,' 'Eggerton's Circus-Rider,' 'Guyot's Earthen Man,' 'Lamb's Essay on Roast Mutton,' 'Roe's Escape from Eden,' 'Butter and Eggs and Kisses,' 'Mrs. Burnet's Vera Cruz,' 'Trowbridge's Three Scoots,' 'Stock's Lady of the Lake,' 'Kenelworth and Chillingly Sacred Letter, by Hawthorne,' 'Expectoration' ('Expatriation'), 'Nux Vomica' ('Pax Vobiscum').

—In the 'Life and Letters of Robert Browning' Mrs. Orr states that the Lord Rectorship of St. Andrews University was twice at the poet's disposal. In 1877 Prof. Knight wrote in the name of the students, expressing their 'loyal admiration and respectful homage,' and promising a unanimous appointment to the office if Mr. Browning would accept ('Life and Letters,' p. 313). 'As Prof. Knight's letter is quoted,' writes Mr. Thomas Bayne to *The Athenaeum*, 'the evidence regarding this particular incident is both ample and interesting; but Mrs. Orr is under a misapprehension regarding the earlier election with which Browning's name is associated.' The date of this election was 1868, and the opponents of Disraeli, after considering the claims of Browning, Carlyle, Dickens, and others, united upon Mr. Froude, who was elected.

—Tolstof has recently been described by a Danish writer, and the London *News* has summarized the result:—

The eldest son, aged twenty-seven, has taken the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, and has accepted an appointment on the State Prisons Board in order that he may avoid the appearance of too emphatically opposing his father's opinions, which he does not share. He is a musician and composer, inheriting an ardent love of music from his father. The next son, Ilijja, is married, and lives quietly on his estate in the province of Tula. The third believes more in his father's doctrines than any other of the family. The eldest daughter, Tatjana, is no adherent to her father's teaching. She is artistic and paints well. The second, Mascha, has chosen her father's mode of life. Dressed as a peasant girl, she labors in the fields, and gives her leisure to working and caring for the poor. There are four younger children, the smallest of whom is three years old. Countess Tolstof, notwithstanding the claims of this large family, finds time to attend to her husband's English correspondence. The Count receives letters in four or five languages, and always replies in that in which he is addressed. His daughters help to write the answers. The German letters are dealt with by a young gentleman of that nationality.

—Miss Braddon leads a quiet and almost a secluded life at Richmond Hill. Most of her leisure is spent in the saddle. 'Of late years,' it is said, 'she has not often sought the literary circles of which she was formerly an ornament; she very rarely appears in public, and never at any gathering where there is a crowd. Her constant companion, when his engagements will allow of it, is her son, Mr. Gerald Maxwell, the actor.'

—*Life* drops the cap and bells long enough to pay this deserved compliment to a distinguished Harvard professor:—

When the office of literary administrator is established in the state of Massachusetts, the first man to hold it should be Charles Eliot Norton of Cambridge. Persons about to depart this life go with quickened resignation when they know that their private papers are going into Mr. Norton's hands. Mr. Norton was Emerson's executor of letters. He composed the literary remains of T. Carlyle after the disfiguring autopsy by James Antony Froude. Mr. Lowell's papers go to him; and among them the papers collected by Mr. Lowell for the life of Hawthorne, which he had hoped to undertake. It is rumored also that the troubled spirit of John Ruskin is soothed by the expectation that Mr. Norton

will some day put his literary estate in order. It is understood that no deceased person whose papers have come into Mr. Norton's hands has ever 'walked,' or shown any symptom of discontent. It is even averred that it is a good deal better for a man to be dead than not, if Mr. Norton has got his papers, but that is too ambiguous an assertion for *Life* to subscribe to.

—By the recent death of Mrs. Margaret M. Barnard, widow of Dr. F. A. P. Barnard, Columbia College is enriched by an estate valued at from \$50,000 to \$75,000. A clause in the will of the late President Barnard stated that upon the death of Mrs. Barnard his property should revert to the College.

—A vacancy occurred recently in the staff of the Parkdale Collegiate Institute, Toronto: a master of modern languages had to be got. There were two candidates, one male and the other female, and the board consisted of ten men and two women; but the lady was appointed, and it was decided that she should have exactly the same salary (\$1500) as her male predecessor.

—Barnard College for Women opened on Oct. 5. The students were addressed by the Chairman of the Trustees, the Rev. Arthur Brooks; Prof. Merriam of the Greek Department at Columbia, who warmly praised the work of the Barnard students in Greek; and Francis Lynde Stetson, whose resignation from the Board of Trustees was accepted with regret last spring. The Freshman class for this year opens with sixteen students, about twenty-two having applied for entrance. No certificates of admission have been accepted, and all are candidates for the degree of A. B. The Botanical Laboratory, under Dr. Emily Gregory, has a large entering class, several students having come from a distance. On the whole the friends and officers of Barnard are well pleased with the outlook. The annual competitive free entrance scholarship has been won for 1891-92 by a pupil of Miss Low's school at Stamford, Conn.

—Cornell Library was dedicated on Oct. 7. The building stands on the brow of the hill, just south of Morrill Hall, and commands a view of the valley for a score of miles. It is built of white sandstone, with red-tiled roof, and is surmounted by a massive campanile 180 feet high, in which have been placed the chimes and the clock. President Adams, introducing the Hon. Henry W. Sage, the donor of the building, mentioned the fact that the day was the twenty-third anniversary of the dedication of the first building of Cornell University. Mr. Sage sketched the history of the Library, speaking of the desire of Mrs. Jennie McGraw Fiske to erect a suitable building, the blasting of all her plans, and the subsequent fulfilment of them through other hands. He formally presented the building and the endowment of \$300,000 to President Adams. Ex-President White then presented his library of 30,000 volumes to the University, and Mr. George W. Harris, Librarian, accepted it. The orator of the day was President Gilman of Johns Hopkins, who spoke for an hour of the great libraries of the world. Gen. Stewart L. Woodford, representing the Trustees, made an address, in which he expressed their gratitude to the donor. Prof. Moses Coit Tyler spoke for the Faculty.

—We find this singularly luminous and discriminating paragraph in the London journal, *Piccadilly*:

Mr. William Waldorf Astor, it is stated, has decided to leave New York, and to take up his residence permanently in London. The reason he gives for this is that he prefers the society of the literary men of England to those of his own country. In this he certainly shows a good judgment; for, with rare exceptions, the literary men of the United States are far behind the literary men of England in knowledge and literary ability. It has been the fashion lately to affect to believe that the American novelists are better than the English; but that this is a mistake is evident to anyone who compares the respective works of the best contemporary authors. In good philosophical literature America has no writers worthy the name, and her historians seem to have become an extinct race. Her humorists, however, are far beyond ours, and so are her orators; but in contemporary poetry she is very impoverished indeed—and until a country make a mark in this, the highest branch of literature, she cannot claim to be of any consideration as an epoch-maker in literature.

The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

ANSWERS

1626.—George Sand's "Maitres Mosaïstes," treating of the mosaic masters of Venice, was published under the title of "The Mosaic Workers," by H. G. Clarke of London in 1844; under the title of "The

Mosaic Masters," in a translation by Ashurst, it reappeared in London in 1847; and it was published serially in *The Crayon*, Jan.-Sept., 1856. CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

W. M. G.

1632.—V. Hugo: *Vie de, par A Barbou*, Paris, 1880. Same, translated, Chicago, 1881. *Vie, par un Témoin (his wife)*, Bruxelles, 1863. Same, translated, London, 1863. *Life*, by J. Cappon, Edinburgh, 1885; *Vie, par G. Rivet*, Paris, 1878. "Avant 1830," par E. Biré, Paris, 1883. "Choses Vues," Paris, 1887. Same, translated, Harper & Bros., 1887. This last, and the book by Hugo's wife, would probably best serve the inquirer's purpose.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

W. M. G.

1633.—The following notice of Mrs. Cross is extracted from an article in *Mullen's Monthly Circular* (Melbourne) for May last:

The lady who is known to the English world of letters as "Ada Cambridge," and to Australian readers as "A. C." was born in the far country [England] which she has described in "Not All in Vain," was married in Ely Cathedral to the Rev. G. F. Cross, and in the same year (1870) sailed for Victoria, in which colony she has since resided. Her first Australian novel, "Up the Murray," appeared in *The Australasian* in March, 1875; "In Two Years' Time" (afterwards published by Messrs. Bentley & Son), followed in 1879; and "Dinah" was begun in December of the same year. "A Mere Chance" (1880) was also published by Messrs. Bentley later; "Missed in the Crowd" appeared in 1881, and "Across the Grain" in 1882. Several others followed, in the leading papers of this and neighboring colonies. One of her latest books is "A Marked Man." Mrs. Cross has written but little poetry of late years, and that little is comprised in the volume entitled "Unspoken Thoughts."

Publications Received

RECEIPT OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IS ACKNOWLEDGED IN THIS COLUMN. FURTHER NOTICE OF ANY WORK WILL DEPEND UPON ITS INTEREST AND IMPORTANCE. WHEN NO ADDRESS IS GIVEN THE PUBLICATION IS ISSUED IN NEW YORK.

Akers, E.	<i>The High-Top Sweeting, and Other Poems.</i>	\$1.25	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Allen, G.	<i>Dumaresq's Daughter.</i>	.50	Harper & Bros.
Banks, L. A.	<i>White Slaves.</i>	\$1.50	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Bardeen, C. W.	<i>The Taxpayer and the Township System.</i>		
Bardeen, C. W.	<i>The Teacher as He Should Be.</i>		Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen.
Barrett, F.	<i>Ojya's Crime.</i>		Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen.
Baynes, H.	<i>Dante and His Ideal.</i>	.90	U. S. Book Co.
Bishop, F. D.	<i>Glimpses at the Plant World.</i>	.75	Macmillan & Co.
Bishop, W.	<i>The Yellow Snake.</i>	\$1.25	U. S. Book Co.
Bishop, W.	<i>The Business of Life.</i>	\$1.25	Charles Scribner's Sons.
Caldwell, A.	<i>English Colonization and Empire.</i>	\$1	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Chandler, T.	<i>The Spirit of Man.</i>	\$1.75	Longmans, Green & Co.
Child, T.	<i>The Spanish-American Republics.</i>		Harper & Bros.
Chisholm, G. G., and Leete, C. H.	<i>Longman's School Geography for North America.</i>	\$1.25	Longmans, Green & Co.
Clark, S. C.	<i>Lorita.</i>	.50	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Compton, H.	<i>A Master Mariner.</i>	\$1.50	Macmillan & Co.
Curry, S.	<i>The Province of Expression.</i>		Boston: School of Expression.
Dante.	<i>The Divine Comedy.</i> Vol. I. Hell. Tr. by C. E. Norton.	\$1.25	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Dell, E. E.	<i>Pictures from Shelley.</i>	.50	Macmillan & Co.
Egglesston, E.	<i>The Faith Doctor.</i>		D. Appleton & Co.
Everett, C. C.	<i>Ethics for Young People.</i>	.50	Ginn & Co.
Falconer, L.	<i>Cecilia de Noël.</i>	.50	Macmillan & Co.
Farrar, F. W.	<i>Darkness and Dawn.</i>	.50	Longmans, Green & Co.
Goethe.	<i>Hermann and Dorothea.</i> Ed. by W. T. Hewitt.	\$1	Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Goodfellow, J.	<i>Una and Leo.</i>	.50	Hunt & Eaton.
Hertzka, T.	<i>Freeland—A Social Anticipation.</i>	\$1	D. Appleton & Co.
Holmes, O. W.	<i>Elsie Venner.</i>	.50	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Holmes, O. W.	<i>The Guardian Angel.</i>	.50	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Howells, W. D.	<i>The Albany Depot.</i>		Harper & Bros.
Hulme, F. E.	<i>Symbolism in Christian Art.</i>	\$1.25	Harper & Bros.
Hurst, J. F.	<i>Indica.</i>		Harper & Bros.
Hutton, L.	<i>Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh.</i>		Harper & Bros.
Hutton, A.	<i>The Swordsman.</i>		B. Westermann & Co.
Iyenaga, T.	<i>Constitutional Development of Japan.</i>		Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.
Johnson, F. H.	<i>What is Reality?</i>	.50	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Jopling, L.	<i>Hints to Amateurs.</i>		Harper & Bros.
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